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VOX

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VOX

Published by the United College Student Association
VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN, 1953-1954



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Editorial

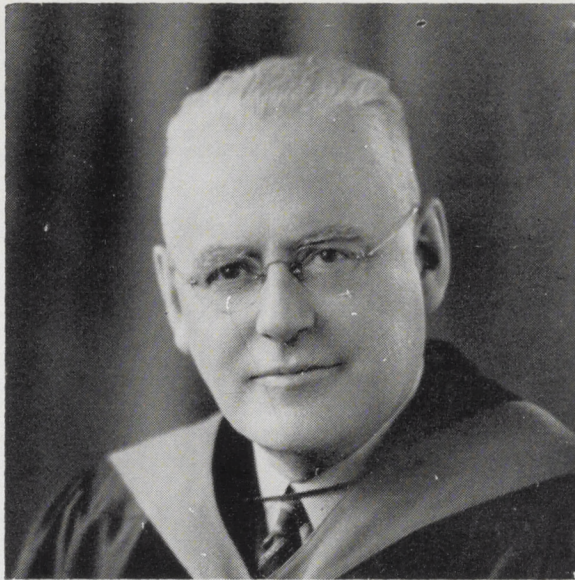
VOX is the voice of the student which echoes the life of United College in years to come. Attempts to maintain the tradition of a literary magazine and at the same time to briefly outline the year's activities have been difficult. The literary quality of VOX has been hard to uphold in comparison to past editions.

The attitude of undergraduate students in contributing creative and enlightening material has deteriorated. With such support VOX can not be a prized possession of college life. Despite the fact that student apathy has struck a blow to this year's publication, VOX will recall fond memories in the future.

I should like to thank those who have worked on my committee. To the editors of the literary and the yearbook sections who have helped in lightening the task, and to Prof. Stingle for his assistance I extend my gratitude.

The position as Editor of VOX has provided me with a wealth of experience, experience which I enjoyed working to obtain.

ROLAND RIVALIN
Editor.



Dr. Graham's Address

I AM GRATEFUL to the editor for the opportunity of contributing a paragraph or two to the 1954 VOX. As I write I have not had the opportunity of reading any of its contents save the fine address given by Dr. Scarlett at the Commencement last November. I can therefore only say that if other contributions approach the standard he has set it will be a very fine issue indeed.

The prevailing scale of values in our time is not such as to fasten awareness of the importance of contemporary literature. Yet, after all, it is by what we write and publish more than by anything else, that posterity will be able to understand the real values in our culture. All too many of us these days are attentive to life only on the horizontal line. What is going on today is of supreme importance. Hence we are content to grasp at some knowledge of it through modern gadgets like radio and television. Urgent necessity to conserve the present in literature that may live seems less and less compelling.

If we allow that thought to prevail a generation will ultimately appear which will give no attention to life on the vertical line, which will have no interest on the roots from which it sprang and no alluring vision of the destiny to which it may aspire.

If VOX can help to keep alive in College men and women a sense of the value which accrues to society from serious literary effort, it will more than justify its existence.

W. E. GRAHAM
Principal.



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 Second Row, standing: Barbara Warren, Bunny Seneki, Ruth Hambly, Lee Patterson, Janet Scott, Marilyn Townsend, Lilia Eyelands.
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A Message from the Honorary Editor

THE VOICE OF UNITED COLLEGE

By PROF. R. M. STINGLE

IN a letter to his family in 1939, David Cottingham (United '42) wrote:

VOX comes out next week. I have a couple of poems in it. Beattie's story that won the Chancellor's Prize will be in it, also a story by John D. Hamilton. . . . There is also an article by J. S. Woodsworth, who was senior stick of the college in 1896. . . .

Surely this casual note defines the function of the college magazine, which unites the generations of the College in the timeless world of creative expression. This antiphon of the generations was heard again in 1940, when Cottingham's story, *The World Is Waiting*, appeared in the same issue with Dr. W. J. Rose's article on Poland, in which some of the world problems awaiting Cottingham were analysed. Now, in this issue, Dr. Rose is speaking again through VOX, both as a graduate (Wesley '05) and as a member of the faculty. And interweaving these are many others, such as Gerry Riddell and Frank Pickersgill.

It is fitting that yet another graduate, Dr. E. P. Scarlett (Wesley '16), should be represented in this issue by a study of the central core of the Humanities, a fiery core that must have been the beacon for the man who came to be called "The Conscience of Canada", for the young poet who was killed at Ortona in 1943, and for the distinguished scholar who has returned with so many gifts for his Alma Mater. I know how much that light meant to Gerry Riddell, who was senior tutor at Victoria College, before going on to become, so appropriately, Canada's Ambassador to the United Nations. And I have shared, with many others, a renewal of faith in the values of the Arts College in reading Frank Pickersgill's letters.

Dr. Scarlett identifies the light relating these men together with the "invisible sun" of Sir Thomas Browne, that sun which Solomon saw burning in the soul of every believer, and which Christ described as proper to his own nature.

Though ultimately of the soul, this sun is fed by reason, and thinkers like Plato, who preceded Christ in time, though not in Creation, help build the City of the Sun.

Students presumable are striving to create that city, a city set apart from, though not without influence upon, that other world waiting outside, a world too often one of "telegrams and anger", of incompleteness. For make no mistake, the real world is here; the other world is a fumbling attempt to realize in time and space the perfection of religion, art, literature, and philosophy. Then, if the students are doing their duty, and if VOX is truly the voice of United, this magazine will be a source of building material for the City of the Sun.

With the platitudes of the guest speakers at my own graduation still clanging in my ears, I cannot, with any sense of comfort or of gravity, urge you to keep the faith with Dear Old Ivy College. Strident assertions of values and standards are perhaps the shortest way to destroying them, and though the times may indeed be portentous, they do not excuse our being so. I feel especially vulnerable, therefore, in striking the theatrical pose now recognized as the characteristic stance for members of the English Department when they discuss VOX. But I am willing to be caught in the rather graceless posture of daring to be a Daniel if it means stating yet once more that this magazine should be more than a Year Book; it should be the voice of creative thought, speaking from the past to the future of this College through its present.

Without doubt the chronicle of physical activity, on the dance floor as on the basketball floor, has a value, and such activity plays an integral, though subordinate, role in college life. If we could return to producing monthly issues, or even to the later practice of issuing three issues per year, and pay for them from student fees, we could devote the final copy to such a chronicle. But with only one issue, we should

be unwise to dedicate it entirely to pictures of row on row of academic gowns, formals and gym clothes surmounted by rows of tediously similar heads; in the future, you will not be inspired by such an issue, unless it be to the desultory game of guessing the identity of the curious looking people.

Memories of ideas will not fade, however, nor will those ideas change in fashion, if they are basic ones. Those who had read Woodsworth's early work, or had accompanied Dr. Rose and Gerry Riddell on the first stages of their intellectual way, or had felt through Cottingham's and Pickersgill's writing a deepening sense of the relevance of life, must read their old issues of VOX with a new dimension of experience. And even if our hardy enemies, Time and Death, seem to have triumphed so soon over Cottingham and Pickersgill, we know from a few issues of VOX that they had already subdued those foes, by seeing in them intelligible form. And though their deaths are no less tragic, they are neither stifled nor mute.



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WHAT THE CLASSROOM HAS MEANT TO ME

By DR. WILLIAM J. ROSE

WHEN the Editors of VOX honoured me with an invitation (or command) to contribute something for the 1954 issue, I at once asked to see some of the recent numbers so that I could learn what sort of a creation this ancient journal has become. I knew the lady well enough fifty years ago, and my name can be found on some of her pages, but *tempora matantur*: would I recognize her after so long a time? Could I fit myself into the new pattern of things?

Well, the Old Grey Mare is not what she used to be—that I can say at once. (Of course the truth is, she never was!) But I must admit that in some ways you young folk have us oldsters beaten a mile. Many of the things I have read—verse and prose, sense and nonsense, would have been quite beyond our reach. Some of the “conceits”, in the proper sense of that term, startle me; some of your ways of saying things rather offend me: but I have to hand you an “Oscar” (is that the term, or is it the Nobel Prize?) for originality.

So far, so good. Only what am I to do about it? As a co-factor of the newest VOX, what am I to say? Most old men tend to become garrulous, and garrulity is dull; almost invariably they swing into reminiscence, and that can be very boring. All the same, I shall take the risk and set down something about what college and university have meant to me during a long space of years. The privilege of returning and spending a session where I sat as a green undergraduate at the beginning of the century means that for me the wheel has gone full circle. Put another way, the stone has done a lot of rolling: has it gathered any moss?

* * *

The list of academic halls where I have sat under the great and the near-great is rather formidable, and I should be a learned man—perhaps even a wise one. Oxford, Leipzig, Berlin, Prague, Warsaw, Cracow, Dartmouth College, London, U.B.C.—rather a mixed bag, and involving work in two languages besides my own. Plenty of variety; no lack of opportunity. It should be admitted that in three of them I had only a few months each, and that in Prague I attended the German and not the Czech classes.

It was a lot easier to get a Rhodes Scholarship in 1905 than it is in 1954. When I set out for Oxford I had a high opinion of myself: was, in short, a very conceited young man, whose only saving grace was that he really did want to learn. It took only a few weeks of meeting up with the real thing to disillusion me. Thinking I knew a lot, I discovered that I knew nothing. I can still hear, across the ages, the voice of my distinguished tutor telling the Head of the college and his colleagues: “Of course, Mr. Rose is no scholar”! That was a tough blow, and I’ve been trying to recover from it ever since.

The fault, if it was one, lay in part with my teachers at Wesley and Toba: they coddled me when they should have used the rod; they let me dawdle along when I should have been extending myself. I was to discover how harmful this can be when I came back three years later, and started to teach. I had some gifts as a teacher, but I didn’t know my stuff. Something had to be done about this, so in 1912, accompanied by a lovely and brave young bride (like myself, Manitoba born), I set out afresh with some savings we had accumulated for what was then thought of as the home of learning—the universities of Germany. Here we had first to master German as the medium of instruction; not just enough to let us get about, but to the point where we could think in it and dream in it. Then it was that I discovered something important: I could learn languages by ear, but not from books! Why was that method not used in good part with the Latin and the Greek?

Two years later the war of 1914-18 caught us, and I turned right about to devote myself to modern studies. By the end of the war I had become fairly proficient in Polish, and I was drafted as a Relief Worker in what was then called European Student Relief. With this went service under the Red Triangle, and I settled down in Warsaw, but still more in the ancient university of Cracow, to use my spare time in reading. Five years of intermittent study, with scanty attendance at lectures, enabled me to bluff my way to a Ph.D. in the History of Education. My thesis was written in a burst of energy in the summer of 1925. Two years later I was

taken on as Assistant Professor at Dartmouth College in New England.

* * *

Ten years after my Oxford days, while watching the working of the Austrian imperial system, I began to see what my tutor had been driving at when setting me the essay subjects he did on the Roman Empire. At the time I had tried, without much success, to find the answers in books—now I was to get them, at least in part, from actual life. Another ten years, set to teach the History of Civilisation to third year Dartmouth men, I found myself forced to make them see that the roots of all their ideas and institutions lay deep in the past. No easy matter for men who didn't want to believe that anything of importance had happened before Lincoln's day, or at best Washington's. I learned far more than they did. It was a case of getting beneath the surface; of coming to grips with the "causes of things"—Vergil's immortal phrase. Only on this level can we have knowledge. As Socrates saw long ago everything else is only "opinions"—not worth much in the clinch.

By dint of effort I got at Dartmouth some historical background for what the years in Europe had been as an experience. This was now to be of priceless value when, in 1935, I was asked to come to the University of London for Polish Studies. For this narrower field the whole of what I had been doing through the years was to prove an indispensable framework. At fifty I was to begin my real job, and my fitness for it even at that age was very shaky. I was just coming to grips with things when, four years later, the Second War broke out, and upset everything. The more so as in September, 1939, I had to take over the Direction of the School of Slavonic Studies, an administrative job from which I did not get free until 1947. This left me three quiet years to enjoy teaching before retiring on the age limit in 1950. That meant coming home.

In review, it looks as though I had always been about ten years behind the times. In Oxford I was just ready to begin when I had to leave. In London I was just getting hold of my field when it was time to retire. Does that make sense? Is not the whole picture one of bits and pieces? In a way yes, but such is life.

The only decision that I could really call my own during these years was that of 1912. From

then on my wife and I were in a real sense the creatures of fate—we did the thing that seemed to be thrust upon us; we had no choice. But I want to draw two lessons from it all:

i. For all worth-while work time is of the essence. What's done in a hurry is of the devil!, says a Polish proverb. It is worth nothing. Impatience will ruin everything. Eagerness and enthusiasm—yes; but coupled with a realisation that while mushrooms mature in a night, oak trees take a hundred years.

ii. A corollary of the above. It is true that we must think our way into our living if the latter is to be of any value, if it is to last the course. But it is also true that we must live our way into our thinking. Experience is a precious part of all knowledge, a condition of all true understanding. Unless he is a moron, any man can become learned: only those who face life over many years can become wise.

All this looks like an admission of cultural determinism. So be it! Only let us not think that this means in any way a denial of personality. In the past it is people that have counted: the future will not be different.

—WILLIAM J. ROSE, '05.



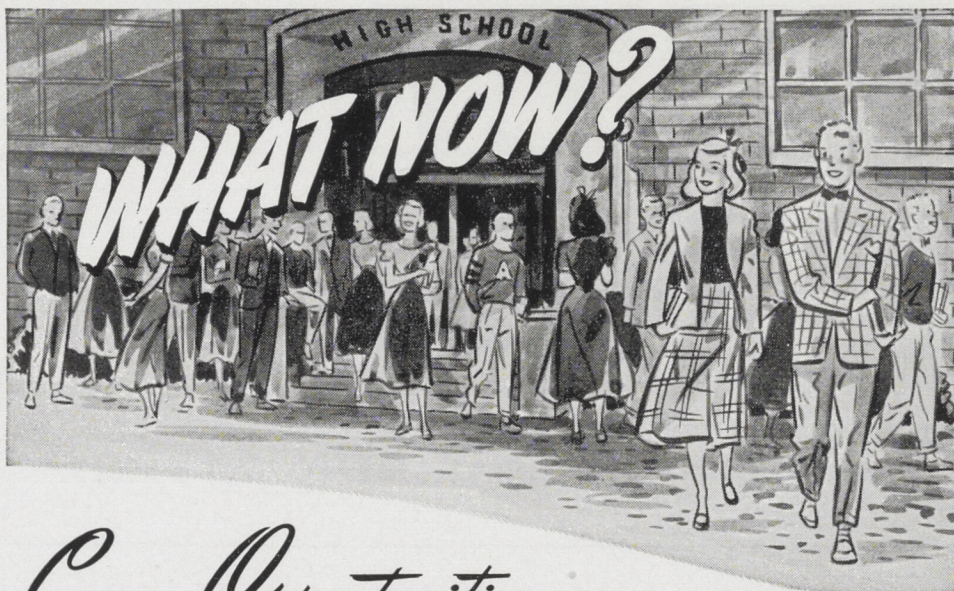
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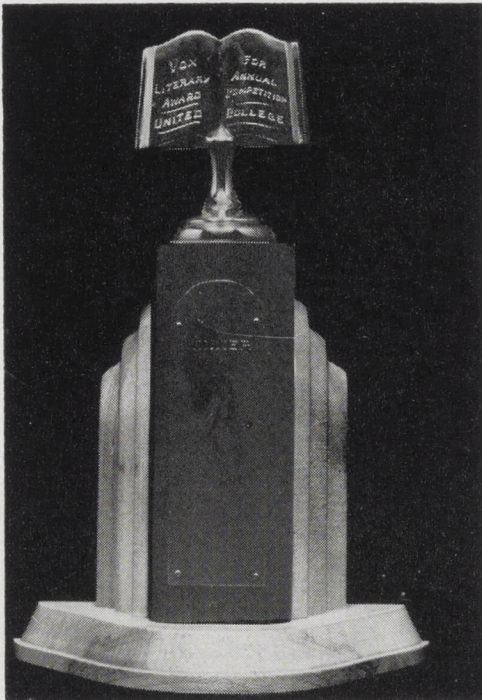
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Reflection

Affectionately, we speak
To ageless time, whose cheek
Beside our own cheek glows.
We are calmed by repose;
Such thoughts held in hand
We readily understand.
Yet, in the silence of that frame
Of mind, without order or name
Moments like these come to prove
The power of time to change and move
Us, onward toward the goal.

Yours Truly Jack Ripper

By MORLEY SPEIGEL

IN the Fall of the year 1888, an unseen killer prowled the foggy streets of London's East End. His trademark was a knife—a weapon he handled with sadistic skill; his handiwork—the slashed and mutilated bodies of women. For three months his malignant presence struck terror into the heart of London: a terror which only those who have felt can know. Nor was this merely some insane killer, for at the height of the growing panic the following poem appeared for three days in a newspaper:

"I'm not a butcher, I'm not a kid,
Nor yet a foreign skipper;
But I'm your own true loving friend,
Yours truly, JACK THE RIPPER".

They found the young lady lying quietly in her room, limbs neatly arranged; and at the foot of the bed—her head. Then the killer disappeared—he disappeared; he was not caught. What has become of Jack the Ripper? Is he alive today? If so, when and where will he strike next? Ladies and gentlemen, we present an adaptation of Robert Bloch's short story, *Yours truly, Jack the Ripper*.

A bar in the Chicago slums—the back booth; the unsteady clink of bottle and glass—a trickle of liquid; a slight gasp; the striking of a match, the glowing tip of a cigaret, a stream of bluish smoke drifts into the shadows—drifts into and merges with the gloom which envelops the back booth like a shroud.

JOHN CARMODY—As I sat and watched the man opposite me turning restlessly in his drunken stupor, a feeling of disgust mixed with pity filled me with a sensation I could not attempt to analyse. A few short hours ago this person was a reasonably sane and intelligent man. I said reasonably because he has an obsession—an obsession which has left the mark of phobia on his mind. He came to me, John Carmody—eminent psychiatrist, for help.

ROBERT NELSON (stirs, mumbles a few unintelligible words, then subsides once more into drunken stupidity)

JOHN—It began very simply—these things always do. It was quiet at the office this afternoon, and I was preparing to leave early, when . . .

NURSE—"A gentleman to see you, Dr. Carmody—a Mr. Robert Nelson. He says it's very urgent".

JOHN—"All right, send him in; and you may go now, Miss Jones". He came in. Urgent was scarcely the word—desperation was written on every line of his face and in his nervous, erratic gestures. "Please sit down, Mr. Nelson. What seems to be the trouble"?

ROBERT (voice is strained)—"Doctor, have you ever heard of—Jack the Ripper"?

JOHN—"Mmm . . . yes, vaguely". I was trying to be sarcastic but it passed overhead

ROBERT (impatiently interrupting)—"Do you know his history; do you recall what happened to him"?

JOHN (sarcastically)—"I believe he disappeared after his infamous crimes; they never did catch him. Is that correct"?

ROBERT (intensely)—"Dr. Carmody, I believe that Jack the Ripper is alive—right here in Chicago—and will kill again tonight".

JOHN—I got serious, fast. The man's face was distraught—his mind, his whole being was obviously wrapped up in what he was telling me. My first impulse was to recommend a sanatorium for a long rest, but I had to hear his story. "I must admit you've startled me, Mr. Nelson. Could you give me a few more details".

ROBERT—"I've studied everything I could get my hands on about Jack the Ripper: his every known move. And I deduced those that are unknown. I've followed a trail of blood across two continents, a trail marked by the Ripper's specialty, the slashed and mutilated bodies of women. Right here in America—the Cleveland torso slayings, and other unsolved

crimes. And why unsolved? Because they were the devilish work of—Jack the Ripper”.

JOHN—His hands clutched my desk, the knuckles white with tension; beads of perspiration lined his forehead. This had gone beyond the bounds of mere obsession; it had become a neurotic phobia. How, why it was there I did not know, yet—a childhood scare, perhaps, had started it all. But first I had to explode his theory beyond any reasonable doubt. “You say that you believe Jack the Ripper is alive and still active today. All right: when did the London slayings occur”?

ROBERT—“Why, in the Fall of 1888”.

JOHN—“And it is now Autumn of the year 1950”?

ROBERT (brusquely)—“That’s right”.

JOHN—“So 62 years have elapsed since then. Now if Jack the Ripper was an able-bodied man in 1888, say, 25 years old, he would be 87 today—an old man, surely incapable, granting that he still lives, of committing those crimes”. That was that, there would be no further argument.

ROBERT (slowly and solemnly)—“What if he did not get any older”?

JOHN—That hit me hard—an ageless man. I forgot who I was dealing with when I said a reasonable argument: psychopaths don’t argue logically.

ROBERT (insistently, then wildly)—“What if Jack the Ripper didn’t grow old. What if he stays the same age forever? Call it anything you like, black magic, voodooism—a drop of warm blood drunk when the moon is right, prayers to the dark gods—sacrificial offerings. That’s what the killings were, sacrificial offerings in return for—eternal youth!”

JOHN—Was the man completely out of his mind? This is the twentieth century, things like that don’t happen any more. It was impossible—or was it? A fantastic thought struck me and I shuddered at the implications. Suppose he’s right, suppose Jack the Ripper still lives, suppose eternal youth, suppose—oh, Lord! I grabbed my hat and coat. “Come on with me. We can talk about this over a drink.

Personally—I need one”! That started it. We went, literally, pub crawling. After the second round we were Robert and John to each other. Each drink loosened his tongue more, until finally I had the whole background—the shocking threats to the child, the attraction of horror, the gradual fascination, hours of study, sleepless nights—all leading to this dreadful mania. There was another problem, he couldn’t hold his liquor. He was staggering as we left the third bar, totally inebriated at the fifth. Patient or not, I was getting thoroughly fed up. “Let’s walk!” I grabbed his arm and we made it to the door. A dreary Chicago mist covered us and it seemed to sober him up a bit. We walked I don’t know how far when a single, naked light bulb beckoned from an alley-way. He nudged me towards it. “All right, one more, then both of us are going home”. As we approached the door he pulled a revolver out of his pocket, and began brandishing it about wildly.

ROBERT (somewhat unsteadily)—“I’m ready for him. I’ll get him if he shows up. There’s silver bullets in this gun”.

JOHN—The man was certainly in no condition to pack a gun, probably unlicensed. “Here, give me that—don’t be a fool” I pocketed the weapon and we entered the place. The bartender leaned across a table illuminated by a solitary bulb. He was the only one in sight.

BARK—“What’ll it be, gents”?

JOHN—“Rye, and leave the bottle; we’ll sit in a booth”. I took a back booth, as far from the light as possible. Two drinks and he started again: the whole sordid, miserable story—mutilated bodies, witch doctors, warm blood. Finally he passed out completely. I had another drink, lit a cigaret, and thought. An impossible story, certainly, but what if . . . I threw the third smoke away half-finished, grabbed his shoulder, and shook him roughly. “Come on, get up, we’re getting out of here”.

ROBERT (who has been mumbling unintelligibly for some time now, stirs, and lifts his head)—“But . . . what about . . .”

JOHN—“Later, Robert, later. We’ll talk about it in the morning. Right now, you need some sleep”.

ROBERT (very unsteadily)—“But, one more drink, John—(the bottle and glass clink)—just one more”.

JOHN—“No; you’ve had more than enough already; that’s all. Out we go”. I half led, half dragged him out the door. The damp air hit him like a wet towel and he straightened up perceptibly. The mist had given up and left in its place a thick, almost impenetrable fog. Just like a London pea-soup, I thought, then shuddered at the thought. We walked along silently, and the inky blackness poured in upon us; it gressed against you, permeated every pore of your being, became a part of you, until you feel yourself one with the night and the darkness and . . .

ROBERT—“My gun, give me back my gun, John.”

JOHN—He lurched against me unsteadily. “You’re still in no condition to have a weapon. Wait until you sober up a little more”.

ROBERT (hoarsely)—“My gun, John, I want my gun”!

JOHN—He was insistent as only a drunk can be. There was no arguing with him. “All right”.

ROBERT—“That’s good, John. I’ll feel a lot better with my gun. You are going to give it back, aren’t you”?

JOHN—We stopped by a doorway. “Yes, yes, I’ll give it to you”.

ROBERT—“Thanks, John, I really need it, you know”.

JOHN—I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out . . .

ROBERT—“But that’s not a gun—that’s a knife”!

JOHN—“That’s right, Robert; it’s a knife”. I pushed him against the door.

ROBERT (screaming)—“No, don’t”!

JOHN—His face was a mash of horrified surprise. I lunged at him.

ROBERT—“John”! (a screaming gasp ending in a gurgle).

JOHN—“Don’t call me John; call me JACK”!

Lower Fort Garry

*In evening the dying sun
Spills light like blood upon the stone
Of the old fort which stands
Beside the river’s curve; it is alone
The sole survivor of a vanished time,
All else forgotten; only it is known.*

*A hundred years ago this river was
A highway for the empire of the North,
Which stretched from towering mountain ranges
Across the burning prairie steppes, and down
Into the smiling hills of Pembina.
This was the kingdom of the Hudson Bay,
And on the river’s muddy, turbid flow
Commerce and produce of this far-flung land
All poured into the storehouse at the fort,
Its walls a pattern in the wilderness.
Here were huge piles of beaver pelts brought
from*

*The northern forests, vast and echoing
With sounds of silence, potential emptiness.
What feasts were here, of smoking venison
And gold-eyes steaming on the silver trays
Brought from the land across the stormy sea;*

*And parties here, when silk-clad girls and officers
Danced reels and polkas on the polished floors.
Out on the trail the men were happy with
A lump of pemmican washed down with rum;
The only music was the throbbing chant
Of Indians wearing paint and eagle plumes,
Who made a war dance on the frozen plains,
While lonely coyotes howled up at the moon.*

*.
The happy freedom of this wilderness
Was shattered by the single rifle shot
Which first began the internecine feud
Between the Metis and Englishmen;
The bands of steel which spread across the plains
Were grasping tentacles to bind it down,
And take away its birthright—liberty.*

*And so the fort still stands,
But now the curious people come
To see the dregs of power
Of an empire built with furs and rum.
Its stone will stand until
The river ceases to run.*

—WILDA REYNOLDS.

UNITED MacALESTER CONFERENCE

Nationalism in the Middle East

GENERAL EXTERNAL PROBLEMS

NATIONAL AND EXTERNAL PROBLEMS

G. RAMSAY COOK

THE long slumbering Middle East is awake today, shaking off the incubus of surviving colonialism, and seething with nationalistic ferment. Nationalism in the Middle East is not, however, an entirely recent characteristic. It has, nevertheless, reached a new and climatic pitch since the Second World War. The time has now arrived, if it is not already too late, for the nations of the world to face this problem realistically, over which they have procrastinated and offered piecemeal solutions of expediency since the fall of the Ottoman Empire. The general attitude towards the growth of Middle Eastern nationalism has been clearly expressed by a former American Ambassador to Iran: "There would be no great concern about the upsurging of nationalism in the Middle East were it not for its geographic position and its great resources of oil".⁽¹⁾ In short this means that the interest of the West in the problem of the Middle East is purely a matter of self-interest and expediency; we need oil and we need the area for reasons of strategy, or, conversely, we are interested mainly in keeping Russia from obtaining these advantages. If this is the fundamental tenet of Western policy in the Middle East, and the events of the past decade would indicate that it is, then the time has come for a careful re-examination of our policy.

Let us look for a moment at what this indefinable word "nationalism" means in terms of external problems of the Middle East. Nationalism to Middle Easterners means many different things: it means a chance to stand on their own

feet, to govern themselves and, as a result of this, to develop their own resources; it means a chance to prove that colour of skin, difference of race and religion have nothing to do with their right to walk with self-respect among their fellowmen in the world. Nationalism to them means the end of legalized inferiority. This, of course, is a great over-simplification, for nationalism is so complex that it has been used to describe everything from xenophobia to communism, from patriotism to chauvinism. In speaking of the nationalist movements in the Middle East one writer has said: "Everyone is someone's communist".⁽²⁾ This, of course, is applicable beyond the Middle East.

To complicate matters even further, nationalism in the Middle East means different things to different classes and, as we all know, the difference between pasha and fellahin is both very great and very deplorable. To the upper classes nationalism has become a weapon in the hands of reaction; the foreigner has become the whipping boy while the social problems of the various countries have been neglected. The upper classes support the growth of nationalism because it obscures the true causes of social and economic evils, and it is a successful policy because the hatred of imperialism in its many nefarious forms is deeply imbedded in the minds of the indigent populations of the Arab world. One American observer describes the problem in this way: "The Arab nations face the same staggering social, economic and political problems as the new Asia: ignorance, disease, feudalism, instability. These are the *real* problems, but 'imperialism' and 'injustice' are the universal pre-occupations".⁽³⁾

This is not only the most explosive element in the Middle East, but for the nations of the

1. Grady, H. F.—*Tensions in the Middle East with Particular Reference to Iran*. Page 114. Proceedings of the American Academy of Political Science. Vol. XXIV, No. 4, January 1952.

2. Munroe, E.—*Pink Communism in the Middle East*. N. Y. Times Magazine, July, 7, 1952.

3. Stevenson, A. E.—*No Peace for Israel*, page 34. Look, August 11, 1953.

West who claim to be the repositories of the liberal tradition it should also be the element of most concern. We should not perhaps concern ourselves with the social problems to the total exclusion of oil and strategy, but we must remember that the social problem is fundamental to all others. Have we learned nothing from our experience with China, where we supported reaction to the exclusion of social justice and came out on the very short end, with nothing to show for our efforts but troublesome factions in Formosa and North Burma and a badly-stained reputation in Asia. The communist tactic is to pose as the champion of nationalism; it has not created the forces of upheaval, in fact the West is far more responsible for them, but Russia is trying to give direction to these forces. This policy has succeeded in China and may well succeed elsewhere, unless we are prepared to accept a new type of policy, one that is concerned with liberality and social justice, as opposed to placing all our faith in the pashas and reaction. We must remember that we think of communism in a different light than those peoples of under-developed countries; we think of it in terms of what we are going to lose; more backward people think of it in terms of what they have to gain—especially when they have nothing to lose.

There are other phases of Middle Eastern nationalism which bear on external problems, and which we must look at briefly before turning to the question of collective security. Perhaps the most important is that of the state of Israel, set squarely in the middle of a hostile Arab world. The presence of the Jewish nation, placed there as the Arabs claim, by western capitalism, is an irritating thorn in the Arabs' side; as great as the problem of foreign enclaves in such countries as Egypt and Iran. It is a prime stimulus to nationalist fervor and chauvinism in the Arab states, and particularly in those countries where refugees are settled. Speaking strictly of external affairs the Arab-Israel question is the greatest source of irritation and instability in the Middle East today.

One further stimulant to nationalism in the Middle East today is the fact that even in the countries where independence has been gained, there is sympathy for countries in the area which remain under foreign domination. Though our geographic limits have left North Africa, Turkey, and Pakistan out of our discussion, let

us remember that in reality they are not excluded from the world of the Middle East. North Africa provides examples of continued foreign domination, while India provides an example of what an Asian nation can do when released from imperial control and secondly an example of the liberality of the west. When the history of the British Labour government is written, its grant of independence to India will rank high in its list of accomplishments, just as its reluctance to leave Egypt will no doubt be judged as one of the shortcomings.

With these all too general observations about Middle Eastern nationalism in our minds, let us now turn to the question of collective security.

II

COLECTIVE SECURITY

The fundamental problem in terms of external issues in the Middle East is the question of Arab-Israel hostility. The problem pervades the atmosphere of the whole area and has a direct bearing on every other problem. Within the context of this hostility and the pressing social and economic injustices, it is neither feasible, practical, nor desirable to form any Middle Eastern Defence Pact.

From a practical point of view a Middle Eastern Defence pact which would include both Arabs and Jews would be impossible at the present time for neither Jews nor Arabs would find the suggestion acceptable. A defence pact made up of only the Arab states is objectionable for several reasons. Firstly, to arm the Arabs to the exclusion of the Jews would only increase the very great tension which now exists, with the increased possibility of the renewal of the Arab-Israel war. Secondly, any such pact without a tremendous amount of western aid would be technically weak, and even given this aid it would remain a doubtful quantity due to local jealousy and antagonism. A third reason, and one that clearly indicates the truth in the first two, is the fact that such a pact already exists in the form of the Arab League.

Let us look for a moment at this pact between the Arab states which has been in existence since March, 1945, and has already demonstrated clearly the inherent weaknesses of such a plan. Seven Arab states are members of the Arab League, which was ostensibly constituted as a means of co-operation among the member states

but has in fact for its "raison d'être" opposition to and defence against the state of Israel. Even in this limited aim it has proved ineffective. The military weakness of the League was clearly indicated by the fact that the only victorious Arab force in the Arab-Israel war was the completely British-trained and subsidized force, known as the Arab Legion of Jordan. Inside the League there are many tensions, including the traditional Hashimite-Saud frictions, the fear of some nations that the League will become the instrument of the Greater Syria movement; hostility towards Jordan due to that country's gains in the war with the Jews, and perhaps most important, fear and jealousy of Egyptian "leadership". From a practical point of view then, it appears that a military pact in the Middle East is not feasible.

There are, however, even better reasons for opposing such a move. I have tried to indicate that there are at least two general problems in the Middle East of more concern. A British Editor recently wrote: "So long as Britain and America, exclusively concerned with their military interests in this area, permit Arab refugees to rot, and show no interest whatever in Middle Eastern development",⁽⁴⁾ the difficulties of Jews and Arabs, of pasha and fellahin, of oil and social security will remain unsolved until the forces become explosive. The present bent of our policy is well illustrated by the British attitude to Jordan. Of the grant of ten million dollars that the British Conservative government has earmarked for Jordan, nine million goes to the Arab Legion, one million to economic development. This is nothing more than the continuation of the power politics which has made the West the "bête noire" of almost every Middle Eastern state. We must make up our minds that friendship can never be achieved in the Middle East if we continue to keep an army there against the will of the people, or exploit the oil resources in the area while leaving its inhabitants destitute and diseased.

Closely connected with the thesis that a Middle East Defence Pact should not be an immediate aim of the West is the attitude of the U.S.S.R. to the Middle East and the communist influence in that area.

III

COMMUNISM AND THE MIDDLE EAST

The policy of Russia in the Middle East today is most difficult to discern, though it appears to be less openly aggressive than it was in the early years after World War II. It must be remembered that as a strategic factor the Middle East, due to its proximity to the Soviet Union, is of greater importance to Russia than to the West. Under any circumstances we would not find Russia's attitude to the Middle East as one of neutrality. Certainly Russia is pleased to see the West experiencing difficulties in the Middle East, but we must not make the mistake of thinking that there is a communist behind every nationalist outburst.

Russian aspirations in the Middle East have a long history, and it is difficult to deny that the communist rulers of Russia have fallen heir to the Czar's desire to control the egress from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. Warm water ports are just as necessary to Communist Russia as they were to Czarist Russia. The presence of about half the world's supply of oil reserves in the area only serves to increase its attraction to Russia, as to the West. In November, 1940, when Russia was negotiating with Germany, Molotov maintained that Soviet security in the Black Sea area demanded that "a base for the land and naval forces of the U.S.S.R. within the range of the Bosphorous and the Dardanelles" and "that the area south of Batum and Baku in the general direction of the Persian Gulf must be recognized as the centre of the aspirations of the Soviet Union".⁽⁵⁾ Iran situated as it is, on the soft underbelly of the Soviet Union, is then of strategic value to Russia as well as the West.

Russia's policy in the Middle East has, however, been propaganda rather than direct aggression and this propaganda has fallen upon fertile ground. It has a powerful appeal because it promises to end the two great grievances of the Middle East—foreign exploitation and unfair distribution of wealth, for which in both cases the West is wholly or in part responsible. In countries where the average annual income is one hundred dollars, and where attention is continually focused on foreign exploitation, communism should make great strides. The Russians have yet another advantage. Westerners are present everywhere in the Middle East, whether in the form of oil magnates or Coca-

4. Martin, K.—*Can Israel Survive?* The New Statesman and Nation, January 28, 1953.

5. Quoted by Towster, J.—*Russia Persistent Strategic Demands*. Current History, Vol. 21, No. 119, July 1951, page 2.

Cola salesmen, and the impoverished inhabitants of the area can continually contrast their position with that of the rich imperialist. On the other hand, Russians are not present in any large number, but are only represented by agents and promises, and no such unfavorable contrast can be made. Let us remember, however, that few Middle Easterners understand or are even interested in the theoretical aspects of communism, but are more concerned with the immediate questions of land and bread. If the West has only arms and military pacts to offer in contrast to the land and bread offered by the communists the course for the Middle Eastern peasant is clear.

There is another and equally important factor in the communist appeal in the Middle East. It is the problem that crops up everywhere; the state of Israel. As far as the Arab is concerned, the Jewish state was established in the centre of the Arab world by Western capitalism; the failure of the Arabs to stop this act and the results of the war clearly underscored by the presence of 800,000 refugees are all laid at the door of the United Nations and the West. The West, in its continued support of Israel to the disadvantage of the Arabs, leaves itself open to the possibility of losing the Middle East by default.

Let us now turn to the question of Western policy in the Middle East in an attempt to discover what the West is doing and should do in order to develop the area and cultivate the friendship of the peoples, rather than to coerce them into becoming reluctant, and therefore useless, allies.

IV

THE WEST AND THE MIDDLE EAST

From what has already been suggested concerning the Middle East in relation to collective security and the relationship of Russia to the area, the pattern that emerges is clearly focused around two problems. Firstly, the social and economic problem expressed in the vast inequalities of wealth and land, which is closely connected with Western imperialism and dollar diplomacy, and, secondly, the problem of Arab-Israel tensions. If the West is constructively and

clearly to indicate an interest in the Middle East for more than reason of military expediency, these two problems must be seriously taken in hand. Let us take these problems separately, not with any sanguine hopes that an absolute plan of solution can be produced, but rather with the intention of suggesting some of the steps that must be taken and the pitfalls that must be avoided.

The problem of peace in the Middle East is, perhaps, the greatest of all the multifarious difficulties, for it can be argued that without peace there can be no stability; without stability, programs of economic, social and political development, designed to produce social justice, would be ineffective. "On the Arab side the governing oligarchies will continue to divert attention from the social problem by keeping the anti-zionist fervor in a white heat, and then blaming the Jews and their Western imperialist backers for the miserable condition of their people".⁽⁶⁾ On the Jewish side the fear of Arab hostility forces the state to maintain a huge army, as a constant drain on an already weak, unsound economy. The recent sale of jet planes by the British to all Middle Eastern states was hardly a measure designed to promote peace.

The situation remains deadlocked with little sign of improvement. The Arabs demand an "honorable" settlement, which means a solution to the refugee problem, before peace negotiations are begun. The Jews, logically enough, say that the refugee problem can only come as part of an overall agreement. Both sides remain intransigent. The recent tragedy of Kibya serves to highlight the fact that the present truce arrangements are no substitute for peace as the *Nation* declares "discussions looking towards a settlement can no longer be delayed".⁽⁷⁾

It is in the interest not only of the Jews and Arabs, but of world peace, that a settlement should be arrived at. There is, however, no pat formula for breaking this deadlock. One thing that must be avoided is a forced settlement by Britain and the United States alone. Recent attempts by the State Department at Washington to appease the Arabs, by cutting off aid to the Jews for a brief period, is merely another step in the pattern of placing military expediency before principle. Perhaps the best way of influencing both the Jews and the Arabs is to show that we have a genuine interest in the people of the area, and not just in the strategic

6. Crossman, R. H. S.—*Israel and the Arabs*. New Statesman and Nation, page 169, February 14, 1953.

7. Shultz, L.—*U. S.—Israel Crisis*. The Nation, page 343, November 7, 1953.

value of the Middle East. This will be difficult, particularly with the Arab, who "blames the United Nations for his plight, feeling that its intervention prevented the realization of his hopes for an independent Palestine. He blames the British for allowing Jewish strength to grow prior to May 15, 1948, and for allegedly preventing the Arab Legion from following up its victories over the armies of Israel. He bitterly blames the United States for its support of Israel".⁽⁸⁾ Neither British nor the United States are treated without suspicion in the Middle East and in fact the United States has succeeded in five years in doing what took Britain thirty years, namely, to antagonize the Middle Easterners.

Though the problem seems almost impossible, the West must not despair. "Israel has made no secret of its desire and need for peace. The Arab world needs it just as urgently, and Western security is tied up in it inextricably".⁽⁹⁾ Leadership in producing a peace settlement must be taken by the Big Powers, who up to the present have made no sustained, positive and constructive attempt to decrease Arab-Israel tensions, let alone promote a peace settlement. But this leadership must be exerted through the too often forgotten agency of the United Nations. We must return to the position of President Truman, when in a speech on April 16, 1946, he said: "No country, great or small, has legitimate interest in the Near East which cannot be reconciled with the interests of other nations through the United Nations".⁽¹⁰⁾ Only through greater emphasis on the United Nations can the stigma of imperialism be removed from benevolent attempts by the West to aid in the development of the Middle Eastern area into stable nations which can aid in the cause of maintaining peace throughout the world.

If at the same time as the United Nations is taking leadership in initiating peace negotiations, a carefully planned program of economic development is begun, a sound basis for sane nationalism in the Middle East can be laid. We in Egypt. "Decency and selflessness, vigorous

must keep clearly in mind that at present "the greater part of the land belongs to absentee landlords who let it out on short leases, which deprives the share-croppers of any incentive to introduce improvements".⁽¹¹⁾ Leaders of the Middle Eastern nations must follow on their own initiative or on urging from United Nations technical advisors, the example set by Noguiba land reforms, relentless attacks on corruption, economic control measures, political house cleaning and social improvement have won Noguiba widespread public support and given Egypt a new sense of national pride, purpose and hope".⁽¹²⁾ A program of this nature is most necessary to fill the vacuum that will be left after the Middle East is rid of foreign encroachments. Iran provides a good contrast to Egypt, for as someone has observed acutely "Mossadeq failed because he succeeded". He came to power on the swell of a great wave of nationalism, gained national control for Iranian oil, but today finds himself on trial for his life. He lost public support because nationalization of oil did not produce the expected result and he failed to turn nationalistic fervor into constructive channels, such as the much-needed land reforms.

Accompanying land reform irrigation is necessary, for the limiting factor in the Middle East is not land but water. Through planned irrigation developments, much of the land, now unproductive, can be fertile, making the refugee re-settlement problem considerably less difficult, as well as greatly raising the standard of living in many of the countries. Up to the present foreign influence in the Middle East has more often than not been exercised to block necessary reform and hold up progress, and more important has provided an irritant that has detracted from the basic social and economic problems.

By a greater emphasis on the United Nations, and a willingness on the part of the West to spend money for constructive social ends, rather than destructive military ones, reactionary policies can be reversed.

Much of the initiative in such a combined program of peace negotiations and economic development must rest with the United Nations. However, the final responsibility must rest with the Middle Eastern people, for as a former president of the American University at Beirut points out "If we try to reform the Middle East by coercing members of the older generation,

8. Richardson, C. B.—*The Refugee Problem*. Proceedings of the American Academy of Political Science, Vol. xxiv, No. 4, January 1952.

9. *Ibid.*—*Nation*, page 344.

10. Quoted by Black, C. E.—*Old Problems in New Hands*. Current History, Vol. 21, No. 119, July 1951, page 29.

11. Issawi, C.—*Prospects of Economic Development in the Middle East*. Proceedings of the American Academy of Political Science, page 29, January 1952.

12. *Ibid.* Stevenson, A. E., page 39.

it will end up in hatred and frustration, but if we teach the youth to do the work themselves we shall gain their confidence and help them reform their countries".⁽¹³⁾

V

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, a few general observations can be made. The cold war which seems to have become a chronic part of our everyday life has, in recent months, particularly in the Korean area, shown some sign of abatement. However, neither side has made any positive, sincere attempt to bring it to an end. As part of a general overall attempt to iron out world difficulties, which would, directly or indirectly, ease tensions in the Middle East, a Big Four conference of the leaders of the various states is necessary. That the American State department, fearing the cry of "appeasement" and "softness to communism" from certain quarters, should continue to deny this possibility, is a great tragedy. Mr. Churchill's proposal of last spring remains a dead letter. The results of such a conference defy prophecy, they might be small, but we have little to lose and much to gain in this type of approach. Even to take the initiative, if it is sincere and genuine, and meet with refusal from Russia, it would serve to indicate to the people of the world the peaceful intentions of the West. If a peaceful solution to our differences could be worked out it would mean a great deal to the Middle East, for in this area peace is a prime necessity for a development program.

It need hardly be pointed out that up to this time the record of the West in the Middle East is scarcely an enviable one. On the whole, it is a record of conquest, broken promises, expediency, and exploitation. The time has come for a revolutionary change in our approach. As Mr. Dulles has pointed out, "The day is past when their aspirations can be ignored".⁽¹⁴⁾ Since the war ended, the Western nations have consistently underestimated the power of nationalism in underdeveloped areas. We must not allow the fiasco of China to be re-enacted in another area of critical international concern.

Nationalism and the drive for independence can no longer be stemmed by piecemeal agree-

ments which will only be broken when the next stage is reached. The fact is that as long as the misery of the people produces a smouldering unrest, unprincipled politicians have full support for any number of new demands. Ultimate independence, peace between Arabs and Jews, and internal improvements is the final answer. If we fail to place ourselves on the side of popular movements in these countries and continue to support our reactionary allies in the Middle East, allies whose policy is "oil diplomacy," we can prepare ourselves for the next stage of education through calamity.

Most of the suggestions of help that we in the West can give to the countries of the Middle East is in the form of economic aid to satisfy the material needs of those countries. To be sure this type of aid is fundamental, but we must not make the mistake of believing that the answer to communist materialism is another form of materialism. We must make democracy in the West something more than the empty phrase that it often appeals to people of foreign countries when they see that McCarthy's conducting investigations into the lives of everyone, from former presidents and university professors to Sunday school teachers. The West should carefully consider the well-known Biblical admonition, "Why do you see the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do not see the log that is in your own"?

Let us make clear the spiritual values of liberty, equality and fraternity before we try to foist them upon peoples of lesser political experience.

Unless a new enlightened policy, based on liberal principles, is adopted in our approach to the problems of the Middle East, the area which gave birth to Western civilization may well become its graveyard.

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13. Dodge, B.—*Western Education in the Middle East*. Proceedings of the American Academy of Political Science, Vol. xxiv, No. 4, January 1952, page 53.

Poems by Carle Brothers

Winnipeg, After a Hoar Frost

Slowly and stealthily the Artificer came
As the solemn city slept;
Unaware of the Visitor who crept
Upon them.

I gaze from my window and meet
Dawn, ghostly and grey
Which has chased away
The ebony.

Blankets of crystals before me lie
On roofs, and each motionless tree
In utter tranquility
And peace

Is garbed in an octopus robe of white
Silent Artificer of the frost-bitten night!
The sun shines and stands on the horizon
It shines^a

Now the star-spangled city sparkles and dances
Every roof, street, park and steeple,
To whom the Artificer spoke, glimmers;
While each dome on United College stands
Like a gleaming, glistening pyramid
On a desert's burning sands.

Dusk

The sun has set in his scarlet bed,
Dust mingles with the mist overhead,
Dusk has rendered gray the blue,
The rustic road has a dappled hue.

In the oak tree an owling owl,
And all is quiet in the village now;
Save for the call of the hawk of night
As he proudly pursues his winged flight.

The croak of a frog the stillness breaks,
A flickering firefly his leisure takes
In the humid air—the only light.
Dusk, dusk, soon you'll fade into night.

A soaring bluejay screams his song,
And seems to say he has done no wrong,
While the rest of the weary world may be
In the deeper realms of solemnity.

Utopia in Flight

The sun lies low on the sky's brim;
Shadows slowly steal across the earth,
Brown dykes capped with soft snow
Lie between me and the Basin, the berth
Of snow and ice dyed by muddy waters.
Snowbirds arise like a cloud of dust—
They go out o'er the stubbly-armed land
In search of food for sustenance. They must
Search far and wide in the soft breeze.
Far out over lofty heights and the distant dome
Of mountains which rise stately and serene
To heights where they blend with the sky. Then
home

They return—unlike mankind, bound by laws,
They live as one—each equal to each other.
Neither is one inferior or superior because
It has one plume of a different colour than
His fellow birds. Here in he differs from man.

Approach of Spring

The early buds we saw lifting
Their soft faces slowly,
As if to breathe air, now are drifting,
And lilting leisurely.
Slender and pale, they join the rime
Of Life: the harbinger of leaves
Are running in a dream. Heart flowering time
Enlivens, green appears, and the eye perceives.
Perceives? Yes, but what? What principle
underlies

Al things? Why did Kant awe and not grin
At the glory of starry skies,
And the moral law within?
Some may call it nature,
But I call it God.

THE INVISIBLE SUN

E.P. SCARLETT, B.A. (Man.), M.B. (Tor.), F.R.C.P. (C)

F.A.C.P., L.L.D.

CHANCELLOR, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

*An address delivered on the occasion of the Annual Commencement,
United College, Winnipeg, Nov. 5th 1953*

*Life is a pure flame, and we live by an
invisible sun within us.*

—(SIR THOMAS BROWNE)

MR. PRINCIPAL, Members of Board and Faculty, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When this College honoured me with an invitation to be its guest at this Commencement I was at some trouble to find a theme that would worthily fulfil the purposes of the occasion. Properly such a theme should deal with this land, its people and the spirit that moves them. But that is not an easy task. Our history is still blurred, it lacks point and compelling distinction. So many currents are stirring in this Western land, none as yet in a broad channel. No spirit of a great man or a transmuter of ideas has brooded over these plains. We are only faintly conscious of our past and of ourselves. We still have to produce our geniuses who will interpret us to the world at large and to ourselves. For one of the rare gifts of genius is its capacity to make roads along which succeeding men may walk in honour and confidence. Canada still lacks its Burns and its Scott.

I have another difficulty to confess. I am a physician. We in my profession are children of Hippocrates. As such the magnificence of the Hippocratic Greek language with the aid of Latin tags helps to preserve for us what little influence we have over mankind. On an occasion such as this I must come out from behind this veil of language, drop the air of gravity and the bedside manner that convey a sense of deep knowledge and the subtle suggestion that the disorder from which the patient is suffering hurts the doctor as much as it disturbs the patient. Now I must shed all this, stand before you as a plain man and ask you to show me some of the charity which I hope your physician has shown you in times past. My credentials are plain and forthright. As a physician I love the

battered old human body and the things it can endure and think nobly of the spirit of man and the things it can create. As a citizen my position is slightly more involved. As Chancellor of the University of Alberta I must perforce practise civic bigamy, giving allegiance to two cities—Calgary and Edmonton, and further compound that bigamy by serving two mistresses—medicine and education.

In search of my theme I harked back to the early days of United College in this city. I was a charter student, so to speak, of the institution which came into being when Presbyterian pride and Methodist vigor joined hands, and, when history and poetry failed to provide any inspiration, adopted the term "United" to place on its banner. After forty years it would seem to have been a good omen and to have found favour with the gods.

Thinking back to those days I found the clue to my theme. And I now propose to address myself primarily to the young people in this audience—nymphs and shepherds who have worked and played together in this College and, I hope, not lost too much time in dalliance. To those of you who are older (and at this moment may be wishing that you *had* spent more time in dalliance during your college days) what I say may appear as foolishness to some, and to others a stumblingblock. But I shall have to abide that.

Will you forgive a personal note of reminiscence? Those of us who were students in the first days of this College were fortunate beyond measure. We shared in the sunset of the Victorian age. We were innocent of war and only later learned to face time with fortitude. We were "up" at university during what I like to think of as the closing years of the Golden Age of teaching. Our professors cultivated the higher reaches of art and morality. Men like Elliot and Fleming wrestled with the problems of philosophy and religion. Others were stirring dis-

senters like Bland. Literature under Allison brought the great and shining names down to earth to dwell in the minds and memory of students, blessedly free of the seven kinds of ambiguity which bedevil so much later literary appreciation. We exposed our cerebral surfaces to the wisdom of the classics under the inspiration of Jolliffe and Skuli Johnson, whose recently published translation of the odes of Horace has stirred such pleasant echoes in our minds. Mathematics under Norman Wilson was a rebuke to those who would corrupt the clarity and directness of thought. And shining through all there was the abounding humanity of Fletcher Argue, whose words and example forged the screws of faith which bound a young man's character together. Those of us who sat under these men have since tried to be honest to their memory and within the limits of flesh and blood have not bowed ourselves in the house of Rimmon.

That happy academic world was shattered by the war of 1914, which still continues and casts its dark shadow across the world. The toll among those bright faces was heavy, and those of us of a thinning generation who lived through the fire and slaughter of the years 1914-1918 have always present with us an awareness of fate, an abiding sense of the tragic proportion of things (the *lacrimae rerum* of the heroic age) and the realization of the tragedy and pity of war, the bitter price that continues to be paid for man's life on this planet. You will understand, then, that in the light of these experiences there is for me a certain haunted and dream-like quality about the halls of United College. I know now, in the words of Kierkegaard, that life can only be understood backward but it must be loved forward.

* * *

Thinking about these things gave me my theme. For presently I asked myself the question: "In spite of all, what is it that makes life so abundantly, so triumphantly, worth living"? And I found myself answering the question (quite inadequately I admit) in two words: "Beauty" and "Integrity". That somehow brought to mind a sentence of Sir Thomas Browne, one of the patron saints of medicine, who in his *Urn-Burial* of 1658 wrote:

"Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us".

"The invisible sun"—it was that he was thinking of when he wrote in another context (the *Religio Medici*):

"There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun!"

It was that pure flame within which in my own case was kindled in this Western land and was first nurtured and received its strength in this College. Within that "invisible sun" there reside love of beauty, integrity of mind, and its rays are those of imagination with which "we see into the life of things" and face with Wordsworth the "presence that disturbs" us. So it has been with me—and I can only hope that you are on the way to saying the same thing.

It is in the reflected light of this "invisible sun" within each one of us that I want to chat a bit about the world, the flesh and the college. I am leaving the devil out of it as being entitled to a separate dissertation.

Do I sound too metaphysical? I am paying you the compliment of supposing that you are interested in something more than passing sensations—that you are an intellectual even! Do not cringe at the word. Let people call you an intellectual, a long-hair, a highbrow—and be damned to them! It is time that these terms were assessed at their true worth—cheap overworked words flung by those who are either too lazy or dense to follow anything but the road of tiresome mediocrity. I note that the latest term used in these tirades against excellence is "egg-head". At least it has the refreshing merit of novelty. As one egg-head to what I trust is an audience of the same interesting species may I give you the rallying cry for our oppressed minority. It was recently coined in England and I pass it on to you to exalt you: "Egg-heads of the World Unite: You have nothing to lose but your yokes".

* * *

May we now glance briefly at the world around us. Few can doubt that we have entered a crisis of our civilization. As always, it was foreshadowed by the poets—first of all in Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, in which he showed a world in which moral values are debased, tradition shattered and the spirit of man confused and broken. Then in W. B. Yeats's great visionary poem, *The Second Coming*, which warned us that our civilization was disintegrating for lack of a cure of faith or strong philo-

sophy, that brute instinct was crushing reason and evil fanaticism replacing belief. Wherefore:

"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold".

These things have already come about in full and terrifying measure. And thinkers like Schweitzer of the West and Radhakrishnan of the East are in agreement on the symptoms and causes of our present state—industrialization and urbanization, the over-organization of life, the debasement of nationalism, and obsession with material achievements. "The words written large over the present age are insecurity, guilt and helplessness". If this is another Dark Age (which I still beg leave to doubt), at least there is a certain important difference between it and what we term the Dark Ages in our history. Then men did not indulge in communal despair. They were bound by a common humanity rooted in religious faith. That religious tradition, the essential core of our civilization, has gradually receded with resulting confusion in the moral and spiritual order. And we are now called upon to build our spiritual defences against the new paganism, a corroding materialism and the atom-bomb mentality of fear and impious pride.

For this state of affairs science is not to blame—it is so easy to make science the scapegoat. The threat is not from science but from the fears, prejudices, ignorances, loose thinking and weaknesses of human nature.

It is not my purpose in this recital of our present woes to add to the chorus of opinion that we are nearly at the end of an era which is disintegrating through its own moral inadequacy. I am setting down these things rather to suggest that education has a supreme task in which it should be joined by all men of goodwill—the task of once more creating compelling values and asserting the conception of a moral universe and a significant way of life. Self-examination is the first step to salvation and I suggest further that we should be busy finding out where we have gone wrong. That is surely a task for the graduates of our arts colleges. They will find among other things that, lulled by the ease of riding in motor vehicles and by the sirens of advertising, we have surrendered our belief in the absolutes in our journey to reality, that we have lost our conviction that the spiritual values are supreme and supremely rewarding, and that there can be no such thing as a sacrifice for truth. They will find, too, that we have increasingly substituted for the freedom

of the individual soul the security and welfare of the collective man and have been hypnotized by that bleak abstraction, "the common man", with its corollary, the pitiful cage of conformity. Seeking our salvation in material means and technology, we have reduced man to the proportions and character of an engine. In this order of things it is time for every student and university graduate to assert once more the essential value of the individual man and to insist, with Sir Francis Walshe, that no one will "interpret for you in terms of microvolts and feed-back mechanisms in the brain, the sonnets of Shakespeare, the paintings of Botticelli, or the going out to death of Captain Oates in the dark wastes of the Antarctic. There are more things in heaven and earth than are revealed by an amplifying valve".

In the end we may realize once again that there is only one rule of conduct which can resolve our discontents—a rule known in various forms for at least two thousand years. That rule is: "Love thy neighbor as thyself"! Again poets point the way and echo the old commandment. The theme of contemporary poetry, if one may speak of such, is in Mr. W. H. Auden's phrase:

"We must love one another or die"

—we are all responsible for one another. As John Donne said long ago: "Any man's death diminishes *me*, because I am involved in mankind".

* * *

May I be permitted to say a few words about Education in this context. I am not going to invoke any of the educational ghosts that squak and gibber in the press and at countless conferences. The cry has been: "What shall we do to be saved educationally"? And a healthy answer is beginning to emerge from the resulting debate. There must be a closer relation and interpenetration of the two orders of thought: science which proceeds by observed fact and concept, and the other, the humanities which follow the route of myth and symbol and image. It is not the subject but the spirit and approach of the teacher that counts. Two things have changed our prevailing attitude to man and the universe—the recognition from the work of Sherrington and others that the mind cannot be explained in terms of a physiological machine, but requires higher and other perceptions for its understanding; and the second, the result of relativity, the quantum theory and nuclear

physics, the disappearance of the idea that there is any ultimate material foundation for matter, space and time. These discoveries have changed the whole complexion of modern thought and education. We must now call on the imagination as well as on our power of measurement. The demands on faith are increased as scepticism assumes its proper healthy place. A new synthesis of knowledge is in the making and here as I see it lies the duty and the opportunities of all schools of learning and all followers of the liberal arts within our contemporary civilization. It is our task to place in the arena once again the great established truths, and to cherish the gracious things of life, especially in a time when the world preserves so little of those things which we love and venerate.

We must insist upon a demanding curriculum and not water down the standards under misguided pressure from authorities and departments. We must enlarge and re-vitalize the area of values. We must see to it that science is not debased to technology but that taught within the proper disciplines it has its own great values, stimulating the imagination, cultivating objectivity and respect for truth, and developing a sense of reverence. In working for this new synthesis we shall assert the moral and intellectual values on which we rest the cause of education, we shall re-create our traditions, we shall dissolve the deep pessimism that comes from a purely material view of life, and we shall help to restore the sick mind and soul of modern man.

* * *

Canada in this new Elizabethan era is rapidly moving into maturity. In our relations with the high-tension world we must throw our weight on the side of sanity and preserve a "temper of peace" which calls for a high degree of self-discipline. Within our borders more than anything else we as Canadians need to develop roots. For a country to be great this is the prime necessity. Each citizen must be rooted in one solid piece of earth, a corner which has nourished him and given him his being, and he in turn must lend it glory and do it service. In this ritual of being there is no place for looking over the border and aping the ideas and ways of another people.

It is high time that we in Canada got rid of the idea that infests this continent—the idea that

culture in some way suggests effeminacy. This habit of denying interests other than business or sport or the trivial sensation of the moment and professing to see in art or writing or music or the other creations of the spirit of man pursuits not worthy of man's virility is a pitiable and tragic evidence of protracted adolescence and has rightly earned for us the scorn of Europeans. It has resulted in a blighting materialism and has driven us to a cheap and sterilizing standardisation which denies excellence in the creative sphere which alone makes a people great. It lies with you as young Canadians to combat this tendency and to welcome a wide diversity in which men and women without fear of ridicule may express their faith and their dreams.

The time is ripe for such a change of heart. The success of the Stratford Shakespeare festival this summer, the growing achievements in art, the wide interest in music, the recent writings in Canadian biography and history indicate that. It seems to me that if we as Canadians can canalize some of our physical zest into pursuits of the mind and spirit, great things can be accomplished and we can attain to a real maturity and gain the attention and respect of the world. Paul Verlaine once said that the way to make art was to take "literature" and wring its neck. There is a certain healthy and riotous quality in us as Canadians which should make it possible for us to do just that.

In you young people moves such a spirit of Canada, not the Canada of picture postcards and cheap colored romance, but the real Canada of the proud Maritimes, the factories and broad rivers and elms and farmsteads of the East, the sweeping prairies and gray mountains of the West, the inlets and bold contours of the Pacific coast—all implying challenge and courage, high honour and poetry. This is the Canada that is at unity with itself. This is the Canada which is waiting to be discovered and expressed in action, in word and in art.

* * *

In that task wherever duty or responsibility may take you or your adventuring spirit may drive you, live by the pure flame of imagination, the "invisible sun" that is within you. Let nothing choke your receptiveness, blunt your eagerness, weight you down with doubts or calculation. In these days of frantic money-grabbing and material standards, associate with those

agencies and groups that are poor enough to afford integrity. I am convinced of the supreme importance of the visions of youth. In that regard may I commend to you two poems. The first entitled *Germinal* is by that grand Irish writer and prophet, George William Russell ("AE"), which is a plea for the opportunity for the young person to acquire the vision that shall sustain him through life:

"Let thy young wanderer dream on!
Call him not home".

And the second, a sonnet of Elinor Wylie, is a passionate appeal to protect the integrity of that vision and to keep it free from the "contagion of the world's slow stin":

"Protect the sacred from the secular danger;
Instruct her strictly to preserve Thy gift
And alter not its grain in atom sort".

Under such a talisman you will scorn the prevailing idea of *getting on*, the curse of our time, which means more money, a better social position, expensive cars and deadening respectability. Closely related to this is the false and glittering slogan of "education for leisure". Unless we revise our current notions of leisure,

which are in terms of golf clubs, dance halls and watching other people engage in what is known as sport, this cry is a hollow mockery. Education is good for its own sake—it is its own reward.

* * *

I have gone on much too long with these exhortations. One must not stand forever on tip-toe. Before a subside into the dignified silence in which a Chancellor should dwell, there is one thing that should be said. It desperately needs to be said at this time. And that is that now and in the immediate future the continuity of culture and the future of Western civilisation may have to be maintained by a very small number of people. We are the heirs of a great tradition and way of life. That ancestral wisdom is rooted in a moral attitude from which we secede at peril to the human race. It is our duty and particularly the task of institutions of learning and their graduates to keep that heritage alive so that it may sustain the present and illuminate the future.

In this mission—to paraphrase Micah—you will try to do justly; you will love mercy; and you will walk humble with your God.

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Poems by Glen MacKenzie

Pictures on the Wall

A mass of pictures on the wall
Sits silently. Across the hall
The pictures hang, on strings
Attached to high hooks. Lifeless things,
These pictures? Four rows across—
Four rows of photographs. And by them pass
Each day almost, a flock, a mass
Of school-kids. They think not of the loss
Behind those pictures; and why should they?
Life must move, and these long halls
More kids must walk from day to day,
From year to year; and as Time falls
Down its endless way, boys and girls
Must go on learning; learning, laughing, living
As others have before them. Classrooms,
Posters, pencils, chalk; seats and desks; black-
boards;

A present world—a NOW unfurls
For every present pupil, giving
Each bouquet of feelings like spring blooms:
They're new; they're hoards
Of life, meant just for him. But threads
Of life already lived, unite this school
With more than present worlds;
A thousand worlds of man have left here
Echoes of their treads.
How alike it all is, yet how oddly
Different! Each life, alive with novelty,
Traverses paths down trodden deep
Through many wandering pasts.
Perhaps through all eternity those pasts
Are wandering yet! But now—today—
(What is "today"?)—a mass of students

Wanders past a mass of pictures.
No doubt in future years
There'll be more pictures on the wall,
And for a multitude of reasons:
For fame perchance, or honour, or maybe just
For graduation. As for these
Across the hall—these images of persons
That have learned and laughed and lived
In this same school; these pictures
Showing many men (I wonder who the scholars
were . . .

The troublemakers . . . the athletic kings?),
Many men, with special coats and caps
Adorned; these pictures, having names beneath,
Have something else beneath them:

Satellite

It is a smiling, laughing, white moon
There in the midnight sky;
Beyond the bar-graph, neon-lined horizon
It rolls in stillness by.

There is a meaning to that moon,
That tri-light shade tipped upon its side;
That misty mother of the dark, still, black dome;
That white, ethereal mover of the tide.

Busy, swirling, bothered dust specks
Move in hectic mingle on this earthy one,
While white, white, distant, cool and white,
The shimmering moon sits smiling at the sun.

In a Public Library

There he stands—his old coat
Drooping mournfully, and on his gnarled fingers,
Arms behind his back, a brown cap
Perching. Old wrinkled trousers hang
In folds, bent a bit and dusty, overlapping
Grey and (when his feet are shifting)
Squeaky boots. From out his pocket,
Awkwardly, sticks a daily paper,
Sort of soiled. Into the shelves of books
Peers the grooved face, the white wreath
On his head haphazard sitting. And then,
Midst coughs and sniffles periodic,
Eyebrows raised, forehead folded,
Glasses set well back upon his nose,
The old man looks with studious eye
A few books over.

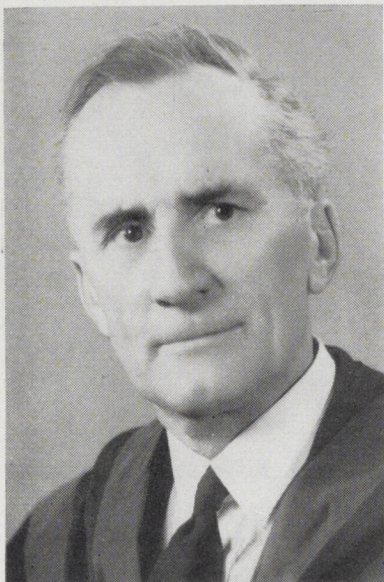
Loophole

The artificial city tries with all its strength
To harass nature's harbingers. Vain attempt!
All the buildings, all the pavements,
All the fences, sewers and sidewalks,
All the man-constructed houses, lined in rows—
Huge horrid hunks, unsightly on the streets;
All metal, iron, wooden braces,
Bars and bolts and nuts and screws
And nails, nailed in man-molded wood
By a thousand city hammers; all the cars
And trucks, and screechings from the city's
messy mass

Of cold machines, the harsh and heavy
Grindings of cog-wheels and axles;
All the flag-poles, smoke-stacks, factories
And factory accessories, sky-scrapers, tools:
Big blocks of builded nature, built
By man, fitting adjuncts
To this modern world—all, not all unnatural
things

On earth, can keep the glittering glow of stars
and moon,

And the low, deep whistle of the wind
Out.



Dr. Cragg Retires

THIS YEAR, Dr. Albert Russell Cragg, chairman of the Department of Psychology and lecturer in Religious Studies, retires from the active teaching staff of the College after a long and memorable career.

Dr. Cragg was born in Goldstone, near Drayton, Ontario. He first taught school at Conn, near Mt. Forrest. He became principal of a two-roomed school at Holstein and later taught school in Drayton.

When the family moved west to Craik, Saskatchewan, Dr. Cragg came to Wesley College to complete his arts degree, which he had begun at the University of Toronto. He graduated with a B.A. degree in 1918. He proceeded with his studies in theology and, while teaching on the college staff, completed the work required for his B.D. degree, which he received in 1922.

He began his work on the college staff as an instructor of English and classics in the Collegiate Department. During these early years he pursued his post-graduate studies in philosophy and psychology at the University of Chicago and graduated with an M.A. degree from that institution in 1924.

He continued to teach Latin and English prose, poetry, drama and composition in the Collegiate Department, and in 1937, after Dr. Heatherington's death, he was made Professor of Psychology in the Faculty of Arts and Science. This department he has expanded and developed over a period of nearly twenty years.

As a theological student and later as an ordained minister Dr. Cragg has served several churches as minister and as guest preacher. He was pastor of Epworth United Church in the west end of Winnipeg and was assistant minister of St. Paul's United Church in the days of Dr. Bruce Thornton.

All through his teaching career at the college he has found time to conduct church services all over this province and to assist in the important work of preparing Sunday school teachers through training classes given here in the city and in every part of this conference.

Dr. Cragg has always stood for excellence in academic achievement and diligence in spiritual witness. In his teaching and in his preaching he has tried to inspire young men and women to the highest level of Christian service. For this great contribution to the cause of higher education, the college authorities bestowed on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity (Honoris Causa) in 1946 at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of United College and its forbears.

Dr. Cragg has always filled his life with a great variety of interesting activities. He has always enjoyed participating in, coaching, and watching athletics, especially baseball, hockey and football. He loves good music and on several occasions has shared Celebrity Concerts with his friends and students. He is a well-informed amateur gardener, who has spent many happy hours on his knees sharing in making His Master's world a place of greater beauty. Evidence of this latter interest is his beautiful annual display of flowers lining the sidewalk leading to the college.

His service to the community includes Young People's Work, Canadian Guild of Health, Manitoba Temperance Alliance, Boys' Parliament, Winnipeg Presbytery and many others.

The staff, his present classes, innumerable former students, and countless others, wish him continued good health and years of happy service ahead.

The Last of the Coeds

By GLEN MACKENZIE

SHE sat there in the dim gloom of the library, glumly glaring at her translation of The Golden Ass. Around her through the dull mist, strange formless faces, equally misty, equally dull, shimmered and shifted like rising waves of summer heat over dry, hot pavement. The faces were open-mouthed, dreamy-eyed; assuming there to be mouths and eyes in that mystic putty which composed the dumb visages. And all assumed eyes were on her. And all were blank; and all were helpless. All they could do was stare . . . and stare . . . stare. . . .

She turned a crispy page. In her goddess-like face no emotion registered: only dullness, dimness, deadness. The passionate print was encompassed by her gently rolling, impassionate eyes, line by line, by line . . . yet no change touched her beauteous countenance—no alteration in the thin line of her mouth, no movement in her facial contour. She was fantastic, nearly divine, almost indescribable beauty . . . passionless . . . turning crisp pages. . .

Then the silence simmered slightly, as through it drifted promiscuous echoed gonging. Gong, gong, gong, gong-g, gon-g-g, gonggg. The head of Venus slowly revolved, slowly and simply tried to peer with some sort of interest at a high and distant point in the grey shadow at her back. It tried so hard to be interested. The glimmer of ambition, the suggestion of desire,—for something, anything—almost could be seen attempting to strain itself out. The changeless face almost changed; it wanted so much to change. But no change came.

Meanwhile, the formless faces in the mist about her moved upward a bit in the foggishness. They sort of glided, sort of flitted, around the hazy female form, but never touched. They floated away into the distance, toward the high and distant point to which the impassive, dead loveliness had directed its taut attention . . . its attention without attention. The formless faces glanced briefly there, then passed on into obscurity, a totality of stares focusing on the perspective point of a goodess-like face glumly glaring, unseeingly, at the crisp pages of The Golden Ass.

Naturally you know what this means. If you don't, you're an utter fool, a victim of modern

education, a poor sucker of the school system. If you say you do, you're a bosom buddy of the modern literary elite, you're an exclusive genius, you're an up-nosed lover of T. S. Eliot; but you're also a liar. Finally, if you definitely do understand it, if you clearly realize how it came there, if you without deception or face-saving snobbery can interpret its meaning, then you're me.

The latter possibility is not likely, unless, of course, I happen to read this myself.

Now, if you have any imagination at all, you will be able to think up some plot—probably unusual—that will fit the above composition. But there is a difficulty here. The odds are against your interpretation agreeing with mine. Granted, it's just my word against yours. But you must give me the benefit of the doubt, since, being the writer, I *read* it before you did and so was initially one up.

In short, to comprehend the work, you should really be the author. Now unless the author wants merely to write for his own edification, he should not concoct a creation (or is it create a concoction?) such as the above without observing one of three principles:

- 1) LIQUEFACTION—putting in a few words (say, one in every space) so as to add to the clarity
- 2) TRANSLATION—tacking on a comprehensive explanation (in English) showing just what tricky trains of thought prompted the writer to travel where he did (for he seems to be the only passenger)
- 3) EXTINCTION—burning the manuscript.

The third is, perhaps, most to be desired but impractical. The first is a perfectly horrible solution, and I wonder whatever made me think of it. Such a filling in of comforting open spaces would merely make what is already long-drawn-out, long-drawn-outer. Only number 2 remains . . . *translation*. . . .

Normally, I would consider using monkeys as the translators, for it has been said, give enough monkeys enough typewriters and they will reproduce all the literature ever written. But monkeys could never reproduce this stuff.

So, it is left up to the author. *He must adhere stickily to the principle of translation* if the

reading public is to be rescued. This is the core of my theory, the method of which I more precisely designate as, *The Transcendental Transfusion of Modern Treatises*. "Transcendental" is used here, as in its Kantian context, to mean "beyond the realm of sense impressions." Now such a piece of writing as the above is obviously beyond the realm of sense. It would be the purpose of the *translation* to bridge the gap between the incomprehensible and that realm.

And so I earnestly advocate that, whenever people presume to write after the fashion of T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and numerous other modern cryptographers, they be forced by legislative enactment to attach to each assemblage last, the first, or in the middle, giving in some of words a detailed explanation, either at the clearer form—such as Chaucerian English—a summary of the argument. Such a law would be entirely in accordance with literary tradition, which includes the idea that people write to be read; and would, in addition, not be in any way *ultra vires*, since Section 91 of the B.N.A. Act expressly says: "It shall be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons, to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Canada, in relation to all matters not coming within the classes of subjects by this Act assigned exclusively to the Legislatures of the Provinces; . . ."

Now I have thoroughly searched Section 92, dealing with provincial rights, and have found nothing there referring either to T. S. Eliot or to James Joyce, or to any of their crowd. Evidently then, it is a matter falling under the quoted category.

I suggest, therefore, that a letter be got off right away to Queen Elizabeth. It is high time something was done. With every day that we put it off, there are new books coming out.

To show that I am not an apostate in this matter, I shall start the ball rolling by applying the *Transcendental Transfusion of Modern Treatises* to my own particular tract. An addendum something in the nature of the following would, I think, suffice:

TRANSLATION: THE ARGUMENT

In the preceding work of art, the meaning derives in the first instance from the title ("The Last of the Coeds"). This gives us a clue concerning what is to follow. Not only do we know it has to do with a coed, but we also suppose

that she really is the last. I hasten to assure you that in this case "last" has no symbolical connotation by which it is linked to a pomegranate shrub in Manchuria.

Having established that the coed is last in the sense of being final, we arrive at the question, "Why is she the last?" This the story tells us, as soon as I tell you what it says.

She is the last coed because all others, and many of the men also, in keeping with the well-known modern trend in education, have become more and more stupid and unable to read Greek. The heroine, here, can't even read Apuleius in the original Latin. But she is the very last of the females to hold on. All the others have left university or been dropped.

We note that she is in the library, trying to study. Even the atmosphere is hazy and obscure. The formless faces about her are the dwindled numbers of men, who are also becoming increasingly dull and unable to concentrate . . . their very faces are losing any definite substance, just as are their minds. About the only interest left for them is to stare at the oddity—a GIRL is actually going to college!

Moreover, she is beautiful, as we see in the next paragraph. It shows that the characteristic beauty remains, despite the degradation of intellect. The page is "crispy" because the entire operation has become meaningless and mechanical.

THE GOLDEN ASS, a sort of Roman pocket-book, deals with a rather invigorating subject—sex—hence the print is called "passionate"; but even that subject cannot stimulate her. She remains impassionate and unresponsive.

Perhaps you interpreted "gonging" correctly. The word, here, stands for "gonging." The class bell has rung, and even it has become confusing to the static students. The girl is barely able to respond, but eventually turns and looks at the clock. "High and distant point" is the symbol . . . (Incidentally, we know now that she is facing North, unless of course she was originally sitting in the South End, in which case she is facing South.)

We find that she wants fiercely to concentrate, but she can't. She can't even get the time on the clock ("High and distant point" is the symbol), or, if she can, she has forgotten how to apply it. The class bell goes but she doesn't. The boys, in contrast, still have a little energy and reaction

(Continued on page 39)

Religious Life



CHAPEL

The Chapel in Our Midst

AMIDST the diversity of demands put upon our Convocation Hall is the call of the College to transform this Assembly Hall into a place of worship. Here, daily, students and staff alike come together to engage in acts of worship to our God. These services are held daily at 9:25 a.m. and continue until 9:40 a.m. In this period of time, there is an opportunity to hear the word of God, listen to the preaching of the Word, as well as to pray and sing praises to our God.

The setting of this daily chapel service in the midst of the schedule of regular classes, in a central room of the oldest college building, indicates the important position which religion plays in the life and work of all of the members of this college, staff and student body. It signifies that in the history and tradition of this college and of its parent colleges, there has always been an important place given to religious teaching and training.

During this past year we have had the pleasure of hearing from several staff members and many visiting ministers. We have been privileged to hear a series of chapel services from Rev. G. W. Boyce, of Kildonan United Church; Rev. E. D. Checkland, formerly of Broadway Baptist Church; Rev. Harold Wyman, of Grey St. United; and Rev. Jack Shaver, of Fort Garry United, as well as services from Canon Bryan Green, missionary from England, and Dr. W. J. Rose, visiting Professor of Slavic History. The members of the United Church

Exposition presented the missionary work of the United Church to us in January.

In addition, services of song were held in which several student soloists sang appropriate selections and in which Dr. V. L. Leathers and Mr. Gordon Parker, director of the Chapel Choir, have given valuable assistance.

The Chapel Committee of the College, composed of students and staff, have co-operated wholeheartedly to keep and make the religious life of this College as powerful and effective as possible.
—C. J. R.

Chapel Choir

ONCE again, under the capable leadership of Gordon Parker, the chapel choir has made a significant contribution to the religious life of the college. Throughout the year, this group has been on hand every other Friday to lead the students in worship during the Chapel period. All those who attended have received inspiration from the religious music sung by the choir.

One cannot write about the Chapel choir without mentioning the excellent service rendered by Barry Anderson, the accompanist and assistant choir leader. The student body is indebted to Barry for his hard work and co-operation.

Chapel choir is open to any one who likes to sing and who can carry a tune. Choir practice is held in Convocation Hall every Thursday afternoon. It is a source of real enjoyment to those who attend; more than that, there is the value that comes to any person who sings the music of the Church.

—DON HILTON.

The S.C.M.

WHAT does it mean to live as men and women? Many of us may think we know, others may think that there is no answer to the question of life, and others may say that there is no use bothering to think about it.

Whoever you may be, however, you experience a life which has to be lived for approximately three score and ten years. Anyone who thinks at all will want to know what meaning

there is in it for him. One student will probably ask another for his opinion. If two such people are serious in their quest it will be difficult for them not to investigate this challenge, which is "to share in or test the conviction that in Jesus Christ is to be found the supreme revelation of God and the means to abundant life". This is the basic aim of the Student Christian Movement. It is a challenge and one which a student who questions cannot afford to ignore, for it may be here that in his negligence he detours facing the possibilities of finding an answer. The movement is student organized in its program and its purpose is to let students of any belief share in its fellowship.

The activities of the movement vary according to the desires and needs of the student. Discussion groups have been very helpful and have led students to satisfy themselves by asking any question which was of concern to them. Two such groups have continued throughout both terms: one by Prof. G. Taylor on the "Nature of Biblical Literature" and the other by Prof. R. N. Hallstead on "Opening of the New Testament."

Open houses take place at the homes of students, allowing anyone to voice his views or listen to others, or simply to be there with the gang.

A "Work and Worship Day" was a new venture beginning this year. The day consisted of opening with a short chapel service, then except for a break at noon for lunch and relaxation; relaxation on the first occasion consisted of hearing the Grey Cup final, and on the second playing a rousing game of broom-ball (there were some cheaters playing for the opposition); continued on both in the morning and afternoon as a day of studying the term subjects, writing essays, etc. This new plan was a venture to help aid students simply to be students, which very well may be their first concern.

The term opened with Fall Camp held at Two Little Points Farm, Letellier, Man. What a time was experienced and what a hive of activity for a weekend. Spring Camp brings to a close student functions on the campus and thus is really the highlight of the year's activities.

A very successful conference was held at Regina during the Christmas holiday. "The Task of the Christian in the University" was the topic under consideration.

Every Tuesday and Thursday throughout both

terms student conducted Chapel Services at library closing time gave the day a helpful period so that the worship of God might be made real in the student's life.

Thus the movement continues through a flexible program to meet the need of the student, whatever it may be. There is within that fellowship the opportunity to meet that need.

The S.C.M. is the working unit of the World Student Christian Federation and in this capacity is the official agency on the campus of the Canadian Council of Churches. It is an ecumenical movement, confident that in coming together to discuss differences, the Truth will be gained and not allowed to decay along with division.

—RUSS CROOK.

S.C.M. EXECUTIVE

President	GLEN STEWART
Secretary	CHRISTINA GOW
Treasurer	GARTH NELSON
W.S.C.F. Rep.	CHRISTIAN STEIDA
Inter-Faculty Rep.	BEV PRUDER
Fort Garry Convenor	WES HENDERSON
United Convenor	RUSS CROOK
Social Convenors	[RUTH HAMBLEY CORRINE LANGSTON]
Publicity	GORDON THROP
Publications	JO MORGAN

The I.V. C. F.

THE Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship has a truly Christian ideal for its motto: "To know Christ and make Him known". We of United have striven to attain this ideal during the 1953-1954 semester with a threefold emphasis upon the personal responsibilities of the Christian, study of the Bible and the challenge of the mission field. The fellowship group is inter-denominational, consisting of about 65 members, and welcoming every interested person, regardless of color, creed or nationality.

Our weekly meetings have offered to the students of United College the opportunity to learn how God created man sinless and pure, in His image and after His likeness, as recorded in Genesis, that Adam fell through voluntary transgression following the temptation by Satan, in consequence of which all mankind became and are now sinners, both by nature and by choice, under just condemnation, without defence or excuse; and that salvation is wholly by God's grace through personal faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. In order to present this wonderful truth, that there is salvation through personal

faith in Jesus Christ, we have presented a number of outstanding men of God, including: Professor Neprash from Russia; Dr. Carlson from Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. Harding Wood from London, England. Many local clergymen and foreign students from Trinidad, Hong Kong, Nigeria and British Guiana also took part in these meetings. Many spiritual benefits were derived from the ministry of Rev. Paul Beckwith of Durand, Michigan, during his three-day series.

Blessings were received by those who attended our Bible studies and daily prayer meetings. It was a fortunate group of our students who spent one weekend in Fargo at an American I.V.C.F. conference. Another enjoyable event was our January social, consisting of tobogganing, tramping, games and an abundance of excellent spiritual food.

Students are finding that there is only one foundation on which to build a purposeful life. This foundation is the Lord Jesus Christ. Our sincere prayer is that the precious name of Jesus Christ might always be glorified here at United College, and that the I.V.C.F. might carry the challenge of the claims of Jesus Christ to all students.

EXECUTIVE OF 1953-1954

President	RANDY KLASSEN
Vice-President	BRUCE PETERSON
Public Relations Secretary—boys	JOHN DYCK
girls	WINNIE MILNER
Prayer and Missions Secretary.....	HOWARD REIMER
Publicity Convenor	ESTHER WIEBE
Social Convenor	VIOLA HORCH
Secretary-Treasurer	BYRON ELSEY

The Arts Theological Ass'n.

THE Arts-Theologs re-organized this year after a lapse of several years. All candidates for the ministry studying in Arts or Collegiate at United are members. Three meetings were held. The organization meeting was held in October at the home of Dr. Freeman, the second at the Taylor home, and the February meeting at St. Andrew's (River Heights) United Church. Talks on the birth and growth of the United Church and on Sermon preparations were delivered by Professor Gordon Harland and Rev. Stan Searle respectively. The purpose of the association is to help candidates in undergraduate years to feel their strength as a body and to help show problems.

—BILL HICKSON.



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G-DAY
Fourth year students assembled in Tony's for breakfast. The two waiters behind handle-bar moustaches are Don Kasianchuk and Jim Strachan.

G - DAY

MONDAY, January 18, 1954, saw instituted something new in the way of college activities: G-Day. The great day had been heralded throughout the previous week by posters, tags, and the mysterious chortling of the knowing few. Indeed, the entire event was surrounded by an aura of mystery. The question, "What is G-Day"? was on the minds and tongues of freshmen, sophomores, and seniors. The only answer that could be drawn from the tight-lipped graduates was "You'll find out on Monday", followed by a low chuckle.

Well, the fatal day has come and gone. The secret is out. G-Day was Gown Day. Springing from the fertile imagination of Glen MacKenzie, the Fourth Year President, and given shape by the solemn deliberations of the Fourth Year Council, G-Day became the day in which the graduating students sought, among other things, to do homage to the academic traditions of their College.

The day opened at 8:00 a.m. in Tony's with a breakfast prepared by the Fourth Year Co-

Eds and served by the white-aproned and red-mustachioed duet of Jim Strachan and Don Kasianchuk. The large turnout proved that the Fourth Year students *can* get up before 10:00 a.m. if there is something to gain by it.

At 8:30 the doors of Tony's swung wide to disgorge a swarm of solemn graduands clad in a variety of academic gowns (courtesy of three Winnipeg churches). Marching en masse to the Library, the Class settled in one corner and remained there poring over their studies in scholarly silence long enough to have their picture taken.

At 9:25 the Class attended a special G-Day Chapel Service. Randy Klassen, Marilyn Townsend, and Gil Munroe deserve special thanks for making the service one to be remembered.

A G-Day issue of the *Uniter* appeared at 9:30. It contained contributions by the more creative members of the Fourth Year class, as well as an editorial explaining the purpose of G-Day, and setting forth the day's program.

A note of nonsense was added to the proceeding at 12:30 in Convo Hall in the form of student lectures. George Millard's splendid mimicry, Bruce Fraser's secret chess play, and Gil Munroe and Glen MacKenzie's lunch-bag war with the spectators were, I think, the highlights of a very enlightening hour.

The Fourth Year class brought G-Day to a close by inviting about 50 young boys from St. Joseph's Vocational School to the College for supper and entertainment. First of all, the youngsters completely wore out those of their hosts who had the courage to don skates and officiate at a skating party in Wesley Park. Next, they proceeded to stow away hot dogs, hot chocolate, donuts, and ice cream at a rate that distressed our culinary staff to say the very least. After supper, several appropriate movies were shown in Convo Hall, and candies were distributed. About 8:00 the youngsters were packed on a homeward-bound bus, tired, certainly full, and, it seemed, very appreciative of the hospitality of the Class of '54.

I think that it is safe to say that G-Day enjoyed a success beyond the expectations of even the most enthusiastic of its advocates, and I know that it is the hope of the originators that G-Day will become an annual event.

It would be impossible to name all those responsible for the success of G-Day, for almost everyone in the class contributed something. The committee in charge, however, was made up of Glen MacKenzie, Lee Patterson, Morley Speigel, Clare Swainson, and Ray Cramer.

The Last of the Coeds

(Continued from page 34)

left. *"The formless faces . . . moved upward," that is, they got up. They are attracted to the girl, but not enough to be able more than to stare at and flit about her. Slowly they toddle off to class ("obscurity" is the symbol), with the magnetism of the bleak but ravishing beauty drawing them until they disappear. Meanwhile, the last of the coeds turns back to her book. Though astoundingly lovely, she has become but a deadened reflex. What a terrible moment.*

That demonstrates my political, social, moral, ethical, and philosophical theory, designed to implement a needed reform. I trust that all honest-thinking people will help push it. A letter should be got off right away to Queen Elizabeth.

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Activities and Such



DANCING



ROMANCING

Social Life

THE social life at United began immediately upon opening day under the direction of Janet Scott, social chairman, and her Freshie Week committee. United's Freshie Queen was crowned by Dr. Graham at one of the first Tea Dances of the year. The Freshie Queen Committee chose Marjorie Laycock as Queen, with Shirley Wilson and Nancy Fraser as princesses. As always, both freshies and seniors alike were worn out by the festivities of this week.

November saw a good part of United at the Marlborough Hotel for United's annual Snow-flurries. The emcee for the evening was Jim Redgewell. Intermission entertainment was provided by David Blostein, the Resi-Gents Bill Howie, John MacDonald, Doug Sly and Art Woitte. The evening was definitely a social success for all who attended.

Grads Farewell was held on February 19, at which all the graduates were given a scrumptious dinner, followed by dancing. A change of location this year found all who attended dancing in the Colonial Room in the Royal Alex Hotel.

Socially each year had a fairly successful year. First Year with its tremendous supply of energy and enthusiasm held two dances, a tea dance and a toboggan party at Lockport, during the year. Social reps Jean Scott and Dave Shearer certainly deserve credit. Well done, kids.

Under the direction of Norma Johnson and Al Reimer, Second Year had a Tea Dance and a dance in conjunction with First Year in first term and later in second term another dance.

Third Year also was not inactive socially. Bud Renton and Jo Morgan saw to it that Third Year was in the social limelight several times during the year.

Then there was Fourth Year, who, although it had not been said they were "deadfish", such had been implied. However, socially this was not true. Gerry Braid and Jim Redgewell did their best to brighten the scholarly minds of the graduating class with a Smorgasbord, and Grads' Farewell, of course, was the tremendous result of the fourth year enthusiasm.

Collegiate, as always, held many and varied socials, which were well attended and enjoyed by all.

Theology's biggest social event of the year is always their Grads' Farewell. This year was no exception. The annual Hallowe'en Party was held at Dean Freeman's on October 30th.

All in all, one might say that the social side of life has not been dull. —JO MORGAN.

The French Club

DURING the past year the French Club has flourished on the campus. The aims of this club and its individual members are to gain fluency in French conversation and to acquire some knowledge of the customs and ideas of the French people.

The French Club has attempted to accomplish these aims primarily through program. At the first meeting, a Hallowe'en party, all members appeared in French costume and lantern slides showing the styles of dress in France from the fourteenth century till now were shown by Dr. Leathers. The second meeting, held shortly before Christmas at the home of Dr. Leathers, featured Christmas music, games, and lantern slides showing famous paintings of the Nativity. At the January meeting, following a box supper at the home of Patricia Badali, the club members toured the St. Boniface Cathedral and saw a French movie at the Paris theatre. Members of the club, led by Dr. Leathers, who was producer, director, and principal actor, presented a "capsule" version of *Le Medecin Malgre Lui* for the United College Theatre Night.

As well as improving their use of the French tongue, the members of the French Club have managed at the same time to enjoy themselves. Games, songs and even attempts at French conversation have provided unfailing sources of amusement. The members of the French Club can look back on this past year with feelings of both accomplishment and pleasure and forward to the coming year with expectations of further success and enjoyment.

—TANIS ARBUCKLE.

Current Affairs

THE Current Affairs Club has somewhat curtailed its activities this year. The Macalester-United Conference, always our major activity, has this year been our only endeavour. Mr. Ramsay Cook's excellent paper, published elsewhere in this volume, will testify that the quality of the Conference has been maintained.

It was our privilege to be hosts to the American delegation this year. The discussions, on the topic Nationalism in the Middle East, were heated as usual but proper diplomatic restraint was maintained. Many things could be said about the Conference; suffice it to say it was enlightening and enjoyable.

May I use my remaining space to explain the curtailment of the activities of the Current Affairs Club. The past two chairmen did an admirable job trying to maintain interest in mock parliament and current affairs forums. In spite of their efforts these activities in the past two years must be judged a failure. Even visiting speakers of national reputation have met with a very indifferent response. Your present Current Affairs chairman has followed the following policy with regard to these activities; if interest is shown efforts will be made to organize the desired activities. There has been absolutely no expression of student interest in Mock Parliament or any sort of forum. Consequently these activities have been dropped from the Current Affairs agenda of the past year.

I hope Mock Parliament will return before long. Mock Parliaments have in the past been an exciting feature of college life. But it will return only when a sufficiently large group of students are interested enough in current issues to call back this medium for voicing their opinions. Does this indifference to vital international issues bear mute testimony to the level of student thought and concern this past year?

—DOUG LAUCLAN.



Macalester-United Conference, 1953. Delegates from Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota pose with United College delegates in front of the library.

United College Theatre

THEATRE at United College has had a very successful year. Student participation was excellent, and financially we made a profit. A great deal of credit goes to Barbara Warren, who has done such a fine job as Theatre Chairman.

As usual, the two main events in the theatrical year were Stunt Night and Theatre Night.

Stunt Night proved to be a great success, with the honours going to Collegiate with their skit entitled "Dancing Through The Ages", which was ably directed by Gloria Shapiro. We should be very proud of the hard work, time, and talent that went into this skit, for it is the first time in years that Collegiate has won. Honorable mention this year went to Second Year. This skit was written, directed, and acted in by David Blostein. The Fourth Year skit was a take-off on Dragnet, and the booby prize went to Third Year's effort, whose theme was "T.V. Coming to Winnipeg".

To all those who helped to make Stunt Night such a success, especially to Lucille Delalieux, the Stunt Night Chairman, we extend our thanks.

The second event on Theatre's agenda was Theatre Night, which was presented for a one-night stand on the seventeenth of February. This year four one-act plays were presented, including a French play directed by Dr. Leathers, which we all enjoyed very much. Some could even understand the French!

Director Eggert Peterson was rewarded for his hard work when Judge Moray Sinclair declared his play, "Happy Journey", the winning production.

Acting honors went to Marcia Besson, who so convincingly played the role of Caroline in the "Happy Journey", and to Paul Magel as Chester Fraser in "Not To-Night".

Once again a thank you to all who have helped so much to make this year a successful one for the Theatre Council. —AUDREY SAMPSON.

THEATRE EXECUTIVE

Honorary President	DR. LEATHERS
President	BARBARA WARREN
Vice-President	CLARE SWAINSON
Secretary	AUDREY SAMPSON
Business Manager	CLARE SWAINSON
Stage Manager	JIM STRACHAN
Make-Up	SHIRLEY LAWRENCE
Costumes	PAT BADALI



Debating

UNITED COLLEGE debating activities took on new life this year, and we hope that this tendency to elevate debating to a more respected position in student affairs will continue.

Over the past five months fifty members of our club were directly involved in debates. Others worked on the organizational level. In relation to past year "fifty" seems a large number; in relation to the size of the Student body it is still far too small. The Debating Club ought to be used by the students as a testing ground for ideas; as an opportunity to develop confidence in presenting those ideas to an audience.

Possibly the most notable feature of the recent schedule was the absence of "old-timers". The majority of participators were enduring those seven minutes for the first time. Considering this inexperience the quality of the debates was commendable. However, if the interest gained is to be preserved, and if the debaters are to derive full benefits from their efforts, much work will have to be done on the polishing of the debating techniques. In addition to refinement of quality, a more original and relevant choice of topics is badly needed.

Despite such drawbacks, our audiences this year have seldom been embarrassingly small.

In the field of Inter-Faculty Debating, United's defeats exceeded her victories, but it was far from discouraging. By a split decision, St. Paul's were victorious over our team in the finals, placing United in third place on the Downtown Faculties Debating schedule.

In addition to the Inter-Fac debates, our weekly Inter-House schedule was highlighted by several noon-hour controversies, a Collegiate-Arts debate, and of course the Annual Professor-Student battle. Few that were present will forget the keen-witted warfare that waged between the professors and students over the question, "Are Professors Human"?

Concluding our year's program was the Bilingual debate, at which two of Dr. Leather's proteges challenged and defeated a team from Fort Garry. And on this note of victory we draw the curtain for another year in the life on the United College Debating Society.

—RUTH HAMBLEY.

The Cosmopolitan Club

THIS is the second year of existence for the Cosmopolitan Club of United College. The purpose of this club, which is to promote friendship and understanding between Canadian and foreign-born students by meeting together and sharing each others distinctive culture, has been carried out to the fullest degree.

The first program night of the year was Nigerian Night. The native dress of Nigeria, the songs and dances were especially appealing.

Over one hundred people attended Japan Night, which was our second program night. Chopsticks in the hands of the uninitiated slowed down the line waiting for a sample of Japanese food, but it was fun.

A hay ride, sponsored by the Canadian students at Christmas, was something new for the foreign-born students. A social and Scottish Night concluded the year's activities.

—BETTY PAGE.

The club's executive for this year is as follows:

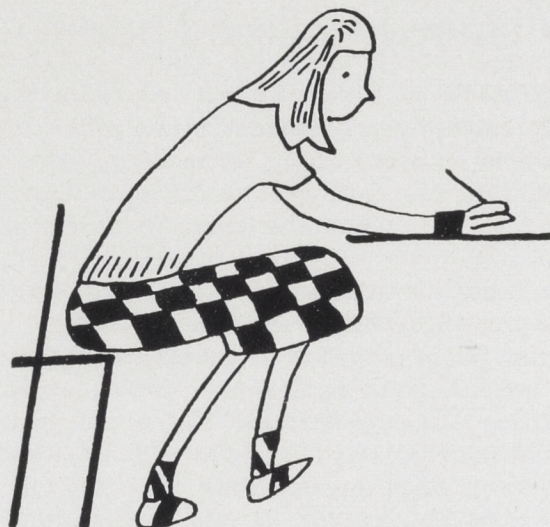
Honorary Chairman	FRED HARPER
Chairman	JOSEPHINE MORGAN
Vice-Chairman (Program).....	SAMUEL KEMKARAN
Vice-Chairman (Refreshments)	ETS FUJITA
Vice-Chairman (Publicity)	HUGH RAMJET
Secretary-Treasurer	MALCOLM CAMERON
	BETTY PAGE

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The Publicity Committee

WE have all heard the old adage, "What a person doesn't know won't hurt him". However, it is also true that what a person doesn't know won't help him.

It is the aim of the Publicity Committee to see that all students at United are "in the know" so that they will not miss out in the enjoyment of any social or academic events while they are at United College.

For those who are interested in publicity work there are many varied positions on the Publicity Committee in which their talents may be demonstrated. If you are an artist, your particular field will be painting posters; while if you have a flair for writing, a position on the Uniter, Manitoban, Free Press or Tribune staff might appeal to you.

Publicity covers many important events, including Freshie Week, Stunt Nite, Commencement, Co-Ed-Men's Club Tea, Theatre Nite, and the annual Macalester-United Conference, for which United played host this year.

—DIANA LUCAS.

This year's slate of officers included:

Honorary Chairman	PROF. D. OWEN
Chairman	DIANA LUCAS
Vice-Chairman	TED OTTLEY
Secretary-Treasurer	JOAN ENGLISH
Manitoban Reporter	DIANA LUCAS
United Editors	TOM MURRAY, HENRI ENNS
Winnipeg Free Press Correspondent.....	IRENE TRIGG
Winnipeg Tribune Correspondent.....	MONA MACKIE

Athletics



Six-Man Football

In Six-Man Football the U.C. Red Raiders rolled to three victories and two losses. The team was made up of all the important players of the 1952 team, with a heavy influx of new but experienced players, especially high school football graduates.

Using a single wing that provided a diversified running and passing attack, the men in Red scored an average of three touchdowns a game. The big weakness, which led directly to the two defeats, was the inability of the team to stop a deep pass.

"Knock Knee'd" Grant Nerbas had an outstanding year at tailback, running and passing on 75 percent of the club's offensive plays, which was culminated by his election to the All-Star at the halfback position. John Clarke and Laurie Mitchell, with some help from Ralph Lyndon, carried the rest of the mail for the team. Mike Skibinski once again played the offensive centre spot outstandingly well, while John Riley, Thom Murray, and Don Kirkhope shared offen-

sive end. George Krempin, playing quarterback, threw more perfect blocks than any other man on the team in a fine season. J. D. Lyons made the centre of the defensive line almost airtight, while Bill Swiston played one defensive end, with one of the offensive ends on the other side. The defensive backfield—well, just let us fade away.

—DON OLSEN.

Boys' Inter-Faculty Basketball

THIS YEAR, the junior boys' Inter-Faculty basketball team carried the colors of the College well to the front in competition for the University championship. In regular league play the team lost only two games; they were upset by a surprising team from Engineering, taking a one-point loss; their other setback in regular league play came at the hands of a strong St. Paul's quintet by a two-point margin. As a result of these losses, the team finished the schedule in second place, two points behind St. Paul's. In a sudden death playoff with Engineering C, the third-place team, the boys played heads-up ball to emerge with a solid victory.

In the playoffs for the league championship, the juniors disposed of their arch-rivals, St. Paul's, in two straight games, becoming champions of the 'Toban League. Next, in the search for junior division honors, the boys took on Engineering B in a sudden-death final for the right to meet Engineering A for the crown. The game was close and well fought, but superior height and fine efforts by people like John Andrews, Don McFeetors and Al Hodson turned the tide in favor of the boys in Red.

Thus there remained only Engineering A in the path to the title, and remain they did. Without the services of McFeetors, who sprained an ankle in the semi-finals, the team bowed in the first game by a score of 29—22. The next game was a far better contest as the team, once again at full strength, fought right down to the wire, only to fall two points short with a stirring rally in the dying minutes of the game.

For a group of people "just out for some fun" the boys did very well, and John Andrews, Dave Shearer, Al Hodson, Wes Bergman (who played

a fine game in the playoff), Brant Howard, John Bowkett and Don McFettors (who, along with John Andrews, was one of the mainstays of the team all season). Congratulations on a game well played and a job well done.

—JIM WALKER.

Softball

Baseball, despite extremes in weather and many defaulted games, managed to complete its schedule and crown as champions those athletes from Theology. Theology defeated Collegiate in an abbreviated final game by a score of 4—3. Collegiate edged out fourth year to play in the finals. Thom Murray, with the help of the year reps, handled the administration end of the league.

The U.C.S.A. challenged the Faculty to show their prowess in a "joust" to take the form of a baseball game. Needless to say, the Faculty accepted the challenge. Under the managership of "Casey" Cragg, and with such players as "Boom-Boom" Bedford, "Tuffy" Tomlinson and "Rusty-Gate" Robson, the Council succumbed, even though they had such players as "Long-Johns" Strachan, "Man-Mountain" Murray and "Drape-Shape" Eylands. "Casey" Cragg received the silver cup, filled with peanuts, on behalf of the Faculty. For the occasion the Council was attired in assorted styles of nightwear (Lil wears those to bed!!). A collection taken from the crowded stands netted the Building Fund \$14.45.

—THOM MURRAY.

Volleyball

The boys Inter-Faculty team put up a good show in this year's competition. They took the downtown championship by defeating Law, but found the game against Engineering for the University championship a different story. The Engineers' team, one which would do well in the Senior Men's League in this city, showed the results of having a gym in which to practice by their precision playing. Maybe when we have our own gym we will be able to do something about the Engineers' annual hold on the trophy.

—THOM MURRAY.



Winner of the Inter-house curling. Theology rink of William Howie, Marjorie Lawson, Ed. Jarvis, and Ron Johnstone.

Curling Report

A YEAR of not only enthusiastic but keenly competitive curling brought to U.C.'s Inter-House rock hurlers a rinkful of fun and blisters. This year's play took place for the first time in history on the modern miracle of artificial ice. The scraps, on the whole, were livelier than at any time hitherto. The turnouts were never slack, the skips were more belligerent, and Ron Johnstone had to take the granite out of his kilts to win the trophy. Last year's winner, Don Kirkhope, was runner-up.

The first extra-mural competition was embodied in the knockout Porte-Markle. U.C.'s team of Lew Walker, Dale Snyder, Barry Effler and Fraser Muldrew bowed out ignobly to Bill McTavish's Medics.

Although U.C. suffered least under the new U. of M. bonspiel rulings, none of our power-houses could invoke the power to win an event. Our powerhouse, temporarily at least, became "out"-houses (notably the Munroe rink). Nevertheless, Rivalin, Walker, Olsen, Snyder and others more than made their presence felt.

Inter-Faculty play this year was enjoyable though short-lived, as old Pembina became more like an Augean stable. Again, U.C. was edged by the Medics.

At most recent reports, Muldrew's novelty spiel is running smoothly on the crooked ice at Strath. (It may be uneven but persistently cold even with the temperature in the sub-tropics.)

Our only apprehension is that future years will not be able to match the genuine pleasure of this stimulating curling season.

—GIL MUNROE.

Hockey

The academic year of '53-'54 at United saw reasonable success along the line of hockey. On the Inter-Faculty level, United supported a junior and a senior team. The seniors were unfortunate in having lost all their games. Their losses, however, were not due to their spirit, for their attendance at every game was good; their team spirit was better than average and the sportsmanship of each player contributed more than was shown in the results.

The juniors, made up mostly of Residence boys, managed to get into the semi-finals, only to be beaten by a clean, fast Arts squad.

There was no Inter-House hockey this year, mainly because the majority of those interested in hockey played in the Inter-Faculty League. If United entered one team only in the Inter-Faculty League next year, we might have a more successful Inter-House and Inter-Faculty League.

—DOUG SLY.

Girls' Sport Report

INTER-FAC. VOLLEYBALL

With Jo Morgan as capable convenor, United entered three teams in the Inter-Fac. Volleyball League, which was run off in the fall. One of the teams, unfortunately, was forced to default, but the remaining two did quite well. One reached the semi-finals before bowing out.

In INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL something new was tried—mixed teams. This went over in a big way, and each year was well represented; second year even had two teams. The ultimate winner was fourth year, who had such stalwarts as Leo Kristjanson and Joan Kergan among its members. Since this innovation worked so well, it is hoped it will be carried on next year.

CURLING

The fairer sex was well represented in the Inter-House Curling League this year as a total of 22 girls threw in-turns and out-turns down the new artificial ice at the Strathcona.

Three teams were entered in Inter-Fac. competition, and the teams skipped by Marilyn Davies and Beverly Brown reached the semi-finals, with the former eventually winning the championship.

The United College Bonspiel also had a good representation of girls on the various teams.

TABLOID MEET

The Tabloid Meet was held in the UMSU Building in early fall. United had two teams entered but they did not gain any points.

RIFLE AND FENCING

Several girls from United participated in the Rifle Club, although we did not have enough girls for a team. Two girls also belonged to the Fencing Club.

INTER-FAC. BASKETBALL

Although the coaching has been sporadic, the Girls' Basketball team has done remarkably well. They reached the finals and lost the game only by one basket. Jo Morgan, Oriole McLean, Joan Kergan, Jean Scott, Judy Wade, Irma Harder and Shirley Wilson were the seven who upheld the honour of the College on the basketball floor.

SWIMMING

United sponsored a "Splash Party" in late January which was fairly well attended.

Despite the fact that United's swimming team had only a complement of two, it garnered a first and a second in the annual Varsity Swim Gala held on February 25 at Sherbrook Pool.

BASEBALL

Once again the baseball schedule suffered because of the weather. There was no winner declared, although first and third years were the teams which reached the finals.

BOWLING

Seven girls took part in Inter-Fac. Bowling at the Park Alleys. Nobody reached the "roll-offs," but they all had fun. —GERRY BRAID.



FIRST YEAR

First Row, left to right: Jean Scott, Jocelyn Hunter, Roberta Allen, Claire Babcock, Duffy Davey, Carol Horne, Myrna Wisener, Judy Wade, Ruth Gaunt, Bunny Senecki.

Second Row: Frances Orchard, Betty Jackson, Marcia Besson, Gail Auld, Jane Edward, Doris Milne, Marilyn Southbee, Beth Walden, Jean McNeal, Dick Armstrong, Don McFeetors.

Third Row: Laurie Smith, Alex Gauer, Don Kasianchuk, Henry De Ridder, Norm Leathers, Fung Hing Lan, Francis Ho, Simon Bhagwandeem, Charlie Barbour, George Botchet, Barrie Wilson.

Fourth Row: Usher Clamen, Len Jones, Gord Hochman, Dick Halchuk, Karl Hansen, Len Pakulak, Ken James, Bruce Carter, Mel Carlson, Sam Wong, Peter Ng., Sam Linhart.

Fifth Row: Dave Shick, Graeme Garson, J. P. McIntyre, Walter Ebby, John Andrew, Sam Klapman, Hank Michalow, Bruce Ross, Ray Penrose, Jim Speers.

Sixth Row: Sherman Hershfield, Brian Johnston, Bud Miller, Chuck Anderson, Ed Klassen, John Clarkes, Bob Monsen, Percy Matidine, Ray Buss, Jack Lang, Ed Senkiw.

Seventh Row: Doug Whalley, Taras Monastyrski, Bill Long, Gary Wright, Bill Abram, Gord Swan, Bill Martin, Gary Penny, Dave Shearer, Jack Armstrong, Saul Silverman, Ted Thexton, Art Hunter.

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SECOND YEAR

Front Row, left to right: Shirley Wilson, Florence Compton, Audrey Backus, Pat Francis, Sheila Goldman, Lorraine Daiter, Dena Namak, Fern Compton, Marion Mayes, Marjorie Laycock.

Second Row: Aileen Kokoski, Betty McLeod, Ruth Watts, Marion Macauley, Eslie Nelson, Marilyn Davies, Ets. Fujita, Marie Malcolm, Irma Harder.

Third Row: Shirley Simmons, Oriole MacLean, Norma Johnson, Tannis Arbuckle, Joan Crealock, Lee Shaw, Don Wilson, Henri Enns.

Fourth Row: John Wherrett, John D. Lyon, Bob Satchwell, Jim Strachan, Henry Froese, John Smolleck, David Blostein, Hillel Boroditsky.

Fifth Row: Gerald Henders, Mildred Stein, Clell Bryant, Ken Paulson, Winston White, Norm Larsen, Peter Dyck, Victor Tows.

Back Row: Soli Sigurdson, John Wright, Ross Fargey, Cameron Mann, Bob Barschall, Edith Strahl, Doreen Delmage.

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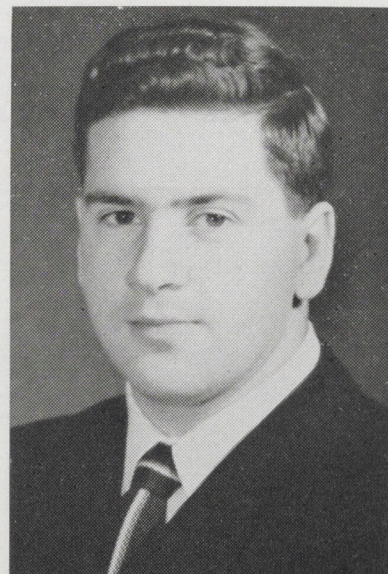


THIRD YEAR

First Row, left to right: Mona Mackie, Betty Page, Diane Lucas, Kay Zajac, Pat Ono, Barry Day, Lil Eylands, Pat Harris, Marilyn Townsend, Audrey Murphy.
 Second Row: Audrey Phillips, Audrey Sampson, Barbara Warren, Shirley Wilkie, Joan Black, Roy Halstead, Bill Zonneveld, Marion Martin, Corinne Langston, Joyce Plezia.
 Third Row: Mr. Smith, Bud Renton, Donna Smith, Donna Patterson, Rica Gurowka, Marion Brownley, Gwen Turner, Jo Morgan.
 Fourth Row: Evans Premachuk, Roland Rivalin, Russ Crook, David Falk, Peter Thiesen, Ed Grauman, Carol Palmer.
 Fifth Row: Jim Walker, Prof. Robson, Ralph Donnelly, John Neufeld, Orville Derraugh, Fred Herndorf.



JO MORGAN
Lady Stick



BARRY DAY
Senior Stick

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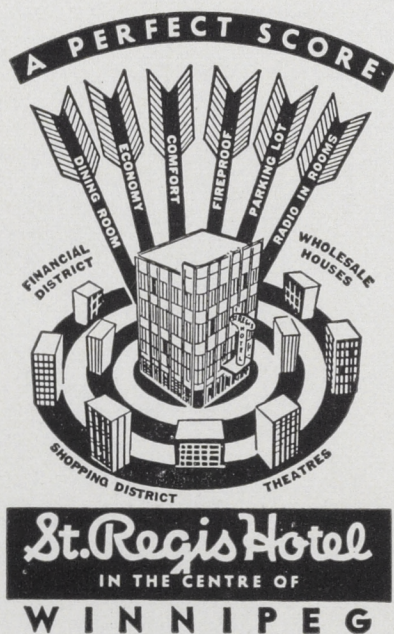
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GIBSON, DALE:

Besides fulfilling the duties of Senior Stick, Dale has found time to take part in debating, current affairs, Stunt Nite, and other College activities. He is also a keen curler. He has proven himself to be an able administrator, and this attribute should stand him in good stead in his career of Law. We wish you every success, Dale.

KERGAN, JOAN:

Possesses a pleasant personality and this, plus her executive ability, has enabled her to be a highly successful Lady Stick. Extra-curricular activities include volleyball, curling, basketball, cheer-leading, and Pete. Joan's future lies in the field of Social work and we know she'll make a success of it.

ALLISON, ROBERT:

A product of Roland, Man. A man of sincerity and conviction, Bob will make a noble contribution to the Presbyterian Church. While at United, Bob has been active in the I.V.C.F.—this year being president of the central executive. He is also an active member of the Presbyterian Fellowship. He is a conscientious student and one who enjoys a good discussion over Tony's coffee.

BOYD, HAROLD:

Originally from Nova Scotia, he later worked in Saskatchewan; finally, however, he realized the errors of his ways and came to Manitoba for his education. His chief interests at the present are swimming and girls, philosophy and girls. He has appointed himself as the official critic of the S.C.M., just to keep them in line, he says. His future is in the United Church ministry.

ATKIN, MARY ALICE:

A real United grad,—from Grade 11 to B.A., with two English courses, Psychology and Religious Studies. Does volunteer group supervision at the Y.W.C.A. She is an active member of I.V.C.F. Mary-Al is a little reserved, but she does her work with a great willingness. Future plans include foreign mission work.

BRAID, GERALDINE:

"Gerry" is a cheer-leader, member of her Year Council and Athletic convenor on the Coed Council. Swimming, curling and volleyball are her main athletic interests. Always remembers what Janet and Joan forget. Future: Patiently waiting for September, when her future "Will" be settled.

BADALI, PAT:

U.C.'s chief eater of lemon tarts. "Patsy" has various other talents as well, music being the most outstanding one. Her executive ability is exemplified by past-presidency of French Club, and work on Year Councils (Third and Fourth year drama rep.). She has taken part in several plays. Outside interests—dancing, skating and skiing, and being Freddie's best girl for the past four years.

BRECKMAN, KRIS:

What kept you, Kris?—we waited three years for you. In the past Kris has been an insurance salesman, teacher, banker, farmer, and now is busy with Ruth. He is the most well-read member of the class on current affairs, and likes nothing better than a good bull session with the boys in residence. His warm sincerity will continue to win him many friends.

COWEN, ALFRED:

Al has been teaching in St. James since the war, and joined our class this year just to see what a classroom looked like from the other side of a lectern. Family life seems to have done him no harm, as he always has a smile or a witty remark available. All the best when you return to teaching, Al.

BISSETT, JOSEPH:

Joe is a strong advocate of the cause to free Spain from Franco, and is constantly conscripting for his private army. When not talking of Spain he may be heard telling of his last time "at army". Joe was a campaign manager in the recent Stick elections and his picture in the rotunda brought forth giggles and at least one co-ed was heard to say, "Isn't he cute!" His future is still uncertain.

CRAMER-BARRET, RAYMOND JOSEPH:

His enthusiasm and wit are never appreciated in class council meetings—so he says. Ray is informed on Current Affairs, was a delegate to the Macalester Conference for two years, but never did learn to turn at the landing of a flight of stairs. He should go far in Law, on the strength of his keen mind and "generosity" with cigarettes.

DUBICK, ZENOVIA:

A quiet but friendly girl who came to us after a career in the business world. She has contributed greatly to the activities of the S.C.M. as Secretary in '51, '52, and now an active member. She intends to follow up her summer on a United Church Student Mission Field with full time church work.

FISHER, LILY (LEAH):

Has been at United since Collegiate except for Second year on the Fort Garry Campus. Leah is a member of the Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority. She is planning on marriage in July.

DUNCAN, JACK:

Late to bed, late to rise. What time zone is Morden in, Jack? His avid participation in hockey, curling, baseball, and golf has left him little time for studying, but he still manages to get through. The Varsity Band, bridge and international relations also keep him busy. Next year Jack will follow his father into Law.

FRASER, BRUCE:

He's lovely, he uses pawns, but he still isn't engaged. Bruce is the boy with that checkerboard look—always with his chest stuck out. A six letter man, P.P.C.R.A.T. (Principal Purveyor of Common Room Ash Trays). His future will be in Social Work, if he can spare the time from his extensive lecture tours on Master Chess.

DUNN, HERBERT:

Herb's previous experience as a teacher has given him a keen perception of some of the problems in the world today. With this in mind he has contributed much to the discussions in Sociology classes. We believe he would make a superb politician, but he says his future is indefinite.

GLENDINNING, MARYALYCE:

Hails from the small community of Selkirk. Her main interests are talking, bridge, Dr. Rose, and missing Choral Society. Her College interests lie in Dramatics; she has become famous for her line in last year's Residence skit. Her favorite song is "Oh, Johnnie", and her plans include teaching for a year to earn her fare to Europe; then Foreign Affairs.

DYCK, JOHN RAYMOND:

Known as John R., for he gets results in more ways than one. His sincere and winning smile have won him many friends. His essays score high and his interest never flags in class. This enthusiasm spreads over into V.C.F. activities, and sports, with baseball a "hit." His trombone playing has entranced even a "Nightingale."

GOODWIN, KENNETH:

Ken came all the way from Sovereign, Sask., to study his pre-Theology courses at United. He has taken part in faculty tennis, curling, basketball, and has been very active in the I.V.C.F. Besides this he likes photography and reading good books. We wish you all the best in your studies at Knox College, Ken.

ELSIE, BYRON:

Question of the day: "What did the prof. say in class today?" Byron is allergic to classes, but atones for this by studying in the library. He spends the summers preaching in Baptist churches. He is very active in the V.C.F. Study and Fellowship groups. Next year he will begin his studies in Theology.

GRUBER, FAYE:

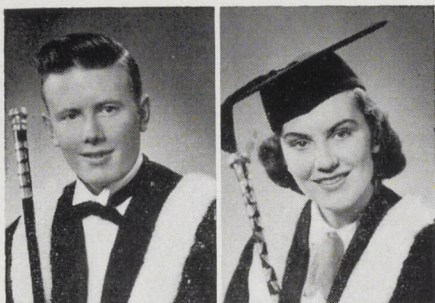
Faye is an old-timer at United, having been here since Collegiate. She is a member of the Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority. Faye will enter the most demanding career of all when she leaves United, as she intends to become a Mrs. in the near future.

GUENTHER, LORENZ:

We have only Winkler to thank for Larry. Who would have suspected that this quiet, refined, pipe-smoking young man would indulge in such a hazardous pastime as motor-cycling. He plays hockey, volleyball, soccer, and the 'cello. How did that last one get in there? Larry intends to teach after he gets his B. of Ed.

ERTMAN, NORMAN:

Norm comes to us through the ranks of D.M.C.I. He too is reticent to speak of his past and future, but he does tell us that he will travel next year with Murph. After he has seen the world he will return to a business life, or perhaps Law School. His warm sincerity assures him of many friendships.

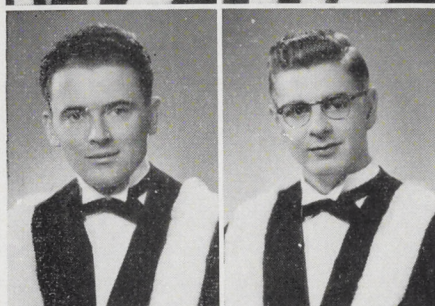


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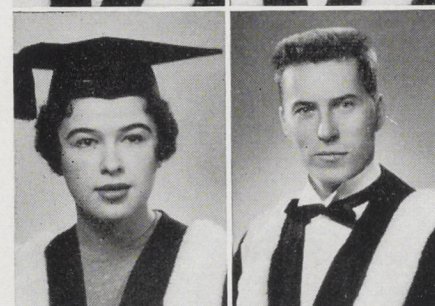


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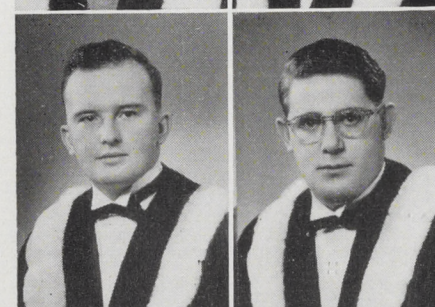


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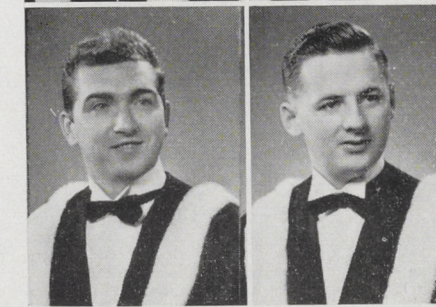
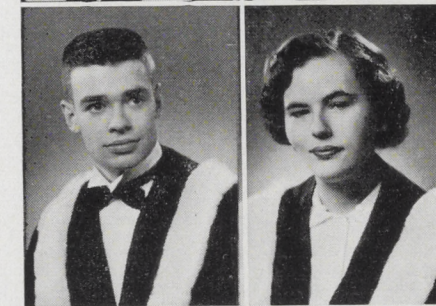
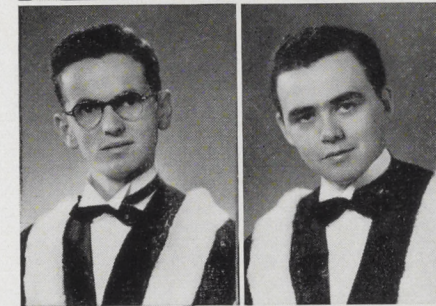
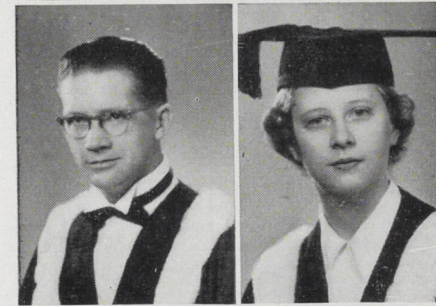
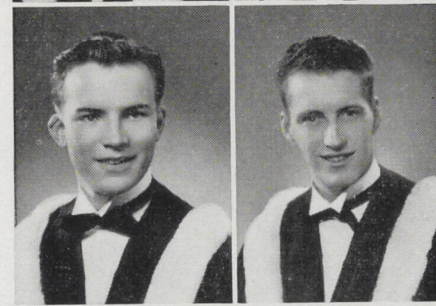


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LORENZ GUNTHER
WINKLER, MANITOBA

NORMAN ERTMAN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



HAMBLEY, RUTH:

A valuable contribution from Roland, Ruth is a first-class student who still finds time for "Goolies". Famous as Pogo, Ruth has taken part in numerous extra-curricular activities for the past four years. She received Debating and Executive awards this year in recognition of the energetic role she has played on various College Councils and as Chairman of Debating. Ruth is known as Dr. Swayzie's little girl, as she is the only member of her honors English course. She has her eye on Education, for more reasons than one (?).

KOOP, IRENE:

A graduate of the M.C.I., Gretna, Man. Her subjects are Political Science, German, English and History. Has taken half her courses in Summer School and came to United for Fourth year. Taught for a few years in rural and city schools. Member of Choral Society and I.V.C.F. Besides studying, Irene likes coffee, Cadillacs and crewcuts. Is planning to take over Foreign Affairs administration when Lester Pearson retires.

HELMAN, MYRA:

Myra came to United after spending her first two years at Fort Garry. She has her A.R.C. and degree, and is presently teaching music and "taking" classes at United. Myra believes in collecting degrees, for along with receiving her B.A., she will receive her Mrs. degree.

KRAHN, FRIEDA:

"F. K.", dark, slim and intelligent, is a grad. of the M.C.I., Gretna. Her course includes English, Philosophy, History and German. Teacher of Grade I at Inkster. Member of Choral Society ('53). Was I.V.C.F. Social convener. Sports include skating, baseball and swimming. Marked by a magic efficiency in all she does. Future plans?—ask Rudi.

HICKERSON, WILLIAM:

"Money-bags" hails from Fort Frances, Ont., and we must admit he has done a swell job of handling our finances this year. Bill has also been active in bridge and Y.P.U. circles. Beneath his droll exterior there lies a wealth of friendliness and humor. "Hick" is going to stick around for three more years in Theology.

KRISTJANSSON, LEO:

If Leo didn't walk around with his head in the clouds he would be able to understand Kant. He has no trouble with History, however. His greatest delights are to berate Psychology students and to criticise Fourth year meetings. Active in Current Affairs, Debating, and Sports. Leo has become the trusted friend of many at United.

HUTCHISON, WILLIAM GLEN:

Glen's days are well filled with this triple life he leads as husband, student and optometrist. His red hair gets the best of him sometimes in Sociology classes, especially when he thinks he has been duped out of a few marks. Glen's future is uncertain—he may go into medicine; but one thing is sure—he'll be "happy, healthy, wealthy, and wise"—them's his very words.

LISOWSKY, NADYA:

Promotes her friends' aesthetic appreciation by drawing long-legged beauties, especially in class. Still has time for posters. Interests are trying not to be late for class, dancing and a passion for obscure records, recently acquired from another interest, Grant.

KIRKHOPE, DON:

Under Kirk's placid exterior there beats the heart of a lion tamer. This East Kildonanite is one of this year's three athletic sweater men, having actively participated in six-man football, basketball, curling, softball, and hockey. A star performer in Stunt Nite and an ardent swing fan. He is not one to shirk his studies either. His future is still indefinite; as he says, "Who knows?"

MACKEEN, CHARLES:

A fabulous U.N.T.D. man, graduate of Daniel Mac., and a resident of the Peg's West End. "Chuck" is a member of United's "old guard", who has participated in Current Affairs, Debating, and Dr. Owen's Philosophy lectures. Charlie is also a bridge and chess player of no mean ability. Outside the College he has been active in Boy Scouts and Tuxis Parliament. Best of everything in the future, Chuck.

KLASSEN, RANDOLPH:

Randy has been very active in the I.V.C.F., both as a member and as the president in his final year. Besides this, and preaching, he has time to give his studies proper attention. He will be remembered for his G-Day Chapel Service and his oil painting which the class donated to the College. Randy is going to "Sunny California" for his Theological training.

MACKENZIE, GLEN:

"Glenneth the Menace", Millie's little megalomaniac was the President of Fourth year, co-Editor of Vox, Editor of the Freshie Handbook (this year and last), co-Editor of Brown and Gold. Glen also took part in the Choral Society, Chapel Choir, and founded the T.K.C.C. Future—"Probably dark", says Glen.

MARCHANT, MARG:

A quiet, former Sparling Hall girl from Gilbert Plains. Marg is an accomplished pianist, who was greatly missed at Residence do's when she left. An active S.C.M.'er and Secretary of I.S.O., Marg's plans are for teaching, but we predict a longer career as housewife.

NERBAS, GRANT:

"Granny" is Elmwood's favorite son, and small wonder. Another athletics award man as a result of his participation in hockey, basketball, volleyball, curling, and six-man football (all-star), at both inter-fac and house levels. He's the Athletic Rep. on the Fourth Year Council—Wonder why? Besides all this he can often be found perusing his favorite studies, "Craggology" and "Duffleheady." Grant will begin studying next year.

McLEAN, MARY-LOU:

"Lou" was cheer-leader for United and also for the Varsity. She is a member of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Insists she is sedate, but we have our doubts! She's after two bachelors, Mike and Arts. One she has and the other is yet to come. (She hopes.)

ALSEN, DONALD:

During the winter, Don is torn between his love for curling and the demands of his studies, but he manages to do well in both. He is also known for his baseball and football prowess. This spring Don will sacrifice a bachelor's freedom for married bliss, and then he will begin his Theological training in Minneapolis.

MILLARD, GEORGE:

George was our choice for Class Valedictorian. After making good his escape from Fort Garry to come to United for Fourth Year he decided to stick around for Theology. George has been active in the Choral Society, Young Peoples Unions and Residence life.

PARKIN, IRIS:

"Guy"—has a car, so the jaunt in from Charleswood doesn't seem so far. She is interested in curling and in her sorority, Alpha Delta Pi. Iris is a hard-working student in Fifth Year Statistics, and her future will be in work along this line. We know she'll make a good showing in the field of Mathematics.

MONROE, GILBERT:

A little bundle of energy if there ever was one—tennis, football, curling, Stunt Nite, barbershop harmony—in fact, everything. He contributed greatly to the success of this year's curling program. Since G-Day he has been acclaimed the world's foremost music historian. Gil plans to make a career of music.

PATTERSON, LEE

Loves that bus ride to and from Transcona! Hard working Vice-President of Fourth year and always active in school functions. She makes a habit of participating in curling finals. Dale Gibson's right hand! Next year Lee plans to enter Education.

MURPHY, LESLIE:

Although a very genial person, Les is rather reticent about his past, present, and future. Perhaps he will study Interior Design, after demonstrating his redecorating abilities we feel he would be "a smashing success." Les is planning to go abroad next year, then—"let the future bring what it may."

PEMBERTON, JOHN:

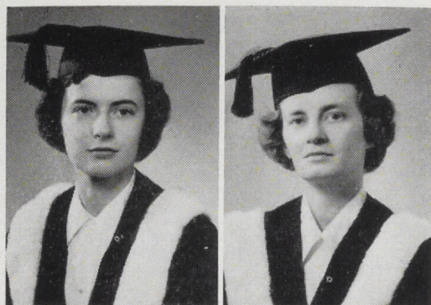
John's favorite pastime is swimming in the coral waters of Trinidad; the lucky guy! He has survived the five-year test period of married life, and is the proud father of a girl and boy. He plans to continue to an M.A. in English and History, and then on to teaching.

MURRAY, THOMSON:

We could list all his names but that would take too long. Thom has been one of the busiest students at United. Active in six-man football, track and volleyball, he also chaired the Building Fund and Athletic Committees. Thom takes great pleasure in trouncing beginners in a game of chess—they're the only ones he can beat. The teaching profession will be fortunate in acquiring Thom's abilities.

PENNER, WESLEY:

"Ike" hails from Steinbach, Man. He is a member of the I.V.C.F. and is a Sunday school teacher. Being a very quiet and sincere fellow, the saying, "Still waters run deep", best describes him. His favourite hobby is tinkering with cars and tractors. Here's another prospective teacher whose success is assured.

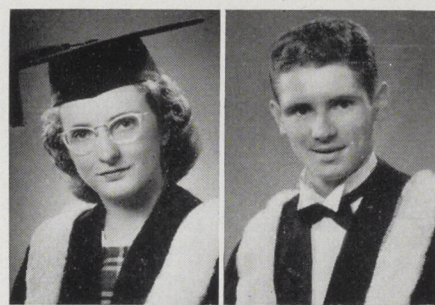


RUTH HAMBLEY
ROLAND, MANITOBA

IRENE KOOP
ALTONA, MANITOBA

MARGARET MARCHANT
GILBERT PLAINS, MANITOBA

GRANT NERBAS
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

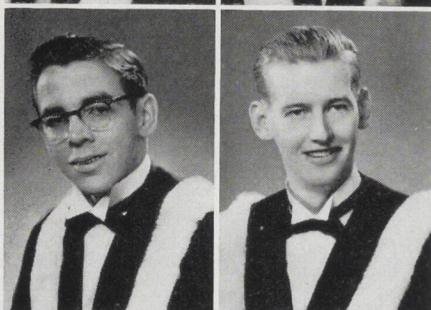
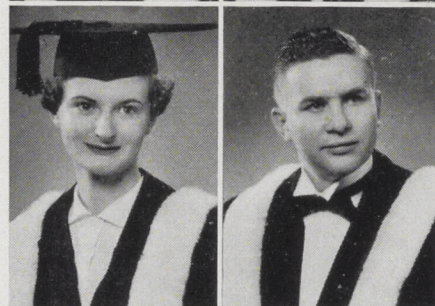


MYRA HELMAN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

FRIEDA KRAHN
PLUM COOLEE, MANITOBA

MARY LOU McLEAN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

DONALD OLSEN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

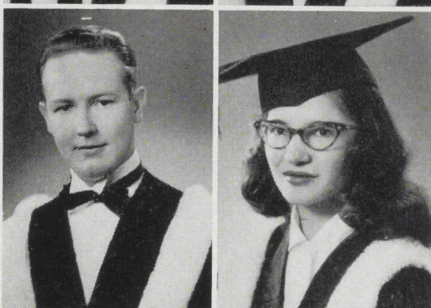
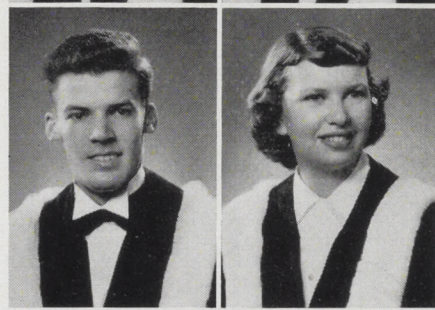


WILLIAM HICKERSON
FORT FRANCES, ONTARIO

LEO KRISTJANSSON
GIMLI, MANITOBA

GEORGE MILLARD
WASKADA, MANITOBA

IRIS PARKIN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

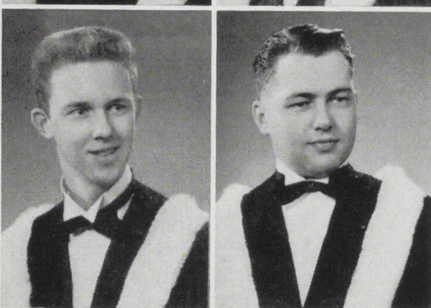
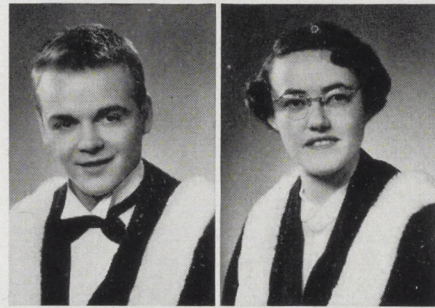


GLEN HUTCHINSON
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

NADYA LISOWSKY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

GILBERT MUNROE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

LEE PATTERSON
TRANSCONA, MANITOBA

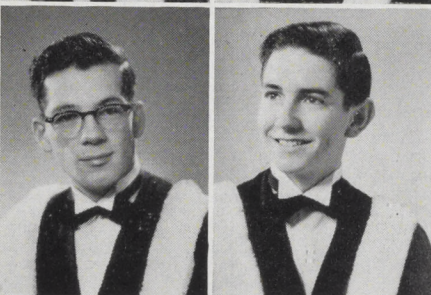
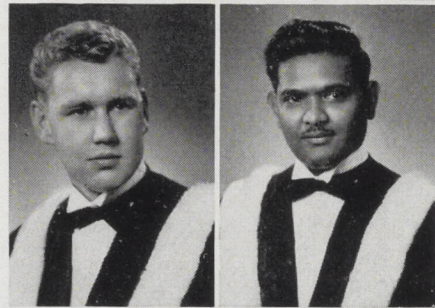


DONALD KIRKHOPE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

CHARLES MacKEEN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

LESLIE MURPHY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

JOHN PEMBERTON
TRINIDAD

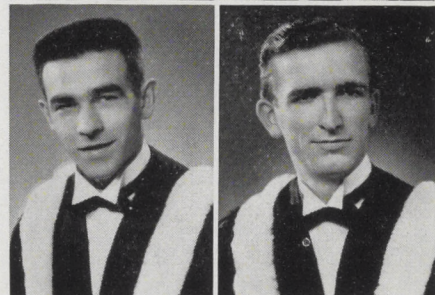


RANDOLPH KLASSEN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

GLEN MACKENZIE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

THOM MURRAY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WESLEY PENNER
STEINBACH, MANITOBA



SOPUCK, VERA:

"Un pince avec rire"; graduate of Gordon Bell; a distinguished pianist and a blonde charmer noted for her whimsical sense of humour and sparkling wit. She likes to be alone, goes on long walks and bike rides. The other half of Crowe's Toni Twins. Possesses a fabulous Classical record collection; listens to everybody's troubles. Famous last words: "You bore me!"

TOWNSEND, MARILYN:

In the field of music, Marilyn has contributed energetically to College life. Her organizing ability and lovely voice have made her invaluable in Choral Society, and she has also added her singing talents to Chapel services. Marilyn plans to enter the Faculty of Education next year, in preparation for teaching high school maths in the future.

SOUTH, JAMES:

Following his graduation from Morden High, Jerry entered the ranks of the schoolmasters. One year later, our friend Jerry laid aside the birch rod and took his place in line with the Frosh of United. Jerry's interests are varied: Hebrew, S.C.M., music, girls, Tony's coffee, bull sessions, mental hospitals, hitch-hiking in Saskatchewan. Future—United Church ministry.

GARDENER, IRENE:

In possession of the degree we're all after, Mrs., Irene has all the answers in Philosophy class. Thinks classes start at ten too, but seems none the worse for the lost time Irene and her husband, Bob Gardener, can be seen, notebook in hand, keeping the readers of both the *Free Press* and *Tribune* informed about College affairs.

SPEIGEL, MORLEY:

Fort William bestowed upon us a budding playwright, actor, and producer. Besides these and administrative pursuits he has found time for volleyball, baseball, and basketball. As secretary-treasurer he has rapidly become the richest member of the class. Morley is heading for Law, but we think the law will get him first.

TULLOCH, RAYMOND:

One of the fortunate "marrieds" in the class. Known for his ability to do ten essays in one weekend—the last one in March. An abundant source of humor in the dryer lectures. He spent the first part of the year smashing up Moore's cabs. Athletic chairman, Co-editor of Brown and Gold, Vox and, of course, the T.K.C.C. His future will be up in the clouds with the R.C.A.F.

STEWART, GLEN:

Gladstone endowed us with this quiet but stalwart classmate. He has teaching in his past and preaching in his future. Glen has devoted his spare time to the Chapel Choir, the Choral Society, and the S.C.M., of which he was president in his final year. Glen will make a fine contribution to the United Church ministry.

WALTON, NAOMI:

The brow-beaten half (so she says) of Crowe's Toni Twins; timid in public, a terror in private; scholarship student; specializes in fainting and falling; did much good work on '53 Brown and Gold with brother Herb. "What am I going to do now"? Likes volleyball and men; takes turns in doing French. A St. James Collegiate product.

STITT, REITA:

The livewire of Sparling Hall, Reita's crowded schedule includes Library breaks in coffee hours. Her ambition is to get to History class this year and Europe next year. Her interests include table tennis, dancing, men, and avoiding the Sparling Hall cat. Known as "Ringleader" Reita in most of the Residence escapades.

WIEBE, ESTHER:

Hails from Morden, came to United after 2nd year at Fort Garry. Publicity Chairman of I.V.C.F.; Isbister and Sir John C. Eaton Scholarship in Third Year. Can be seen in the library mulling over Statistics Lab. She will be a valuable addition to the profession of Social work.

SWAINSON, CLARE:

This non-practising Goolie comes from the folds of D.M.I.C. A laurel wreath goes to Clare for his participation in Stunt Nite, Theatre Nite, and many other college activities. He will be long remembered as the "Dark Horse". He is going to be married this summer—the result of a blind date. "Don't tell mother I'm a newspaperman". Past—meat butcher; future—word butcher.

WEIBE, PETER:

A veteran student of the first order. He took this year to complete qualifications for his B.A., after teaching for two decades in rural Manitoba schools. "A country boy I was born; a country boy I shall die". In the future, Peter "would like to try something other than teaching for the next twenty years".

PERMACK, BARBARA:

Has been at United since Collegiate except for a year's leave of absence spent at Fort Garry. Barbara is President of the Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority. She intends to go on to post-grad. work next year.

SAFEER, PEARL:

After graduation from St. John's Tech, Pearl took First and Second year at the U. of M. and finished her course at United, with a Hebrew Scholarship in Third year. Member of Iota Alpha Pi and Secretary of Hillel. Everyone knows Pearl's dark short hair, smiling inquisitive face, and the giggle that is her trademark. A Med. student will probably decide Pearl's future.

PETERSON, EGGERT:

He returned this year from the "fort" in the wilderness. His acting and directing abilities have netted him this year's only Theatre award. Eggert is also well known in political circles on the campus. Next summer? If Costa Rica will relinquish a certain girl, he will make her his bride. It's post-grad work in Physics and then a life behind a lectern for Eggert.

SCOTT, JANET:

"Jan". Capable Social Convener for the College, Jan is always busy making arrangements for some Social function. She has been active on her Year Councils and the Coed Council, and is one of the invaluable three—Joan, Gerry and Janet. Besides taking part in volleyball, curling and cheer-leading, she is a member of the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Janet plans to make teaching her career.

REDGWELL, JAMES:

Another E.K. man, "Sedge" sometimes has trouble parking his Studebaker, but succeeds admirably in all other endeavors. Social Rep. on the Fourth Year Council, Jim played a major role in keeping us off the streets at night and out of class the next morning. An enthusiastic curler, he also aided our cause in volleyball, softball, and Stunt Nite. Chess, piano and books are the favorite pastimes of this budding lawyer.

SILVER, ALFRED:

"Dr Cragg's boy". Don't let first impressions fool you. Behind those innocent eyes and disarming smile lies the mind of a diabolical practical joker. Alf enjoys skiing, curling and chess, and "Tony's". We are sure that Alf's sparkling wit and understanding will win him many friends among the students whom he will some day teach.

RIESEN, IRENE:

Has the most infectious giggle in Fourth year (ask Dr. Leathers). Irene has done much work for theatre in make-up and costuming. Greatest interest is music—especially the piano, with art collection running a close second. Also dabbles in swimming, volleyball and canoeing.

SETTLE, COLON:

Cole can often be seen with Joe, trying to dissuade him from some new plan or philosophy with the words, "But Joe, it's madness". Cole is a member of that exclusive club in Fourth year which has a reserve of one dollar, its sole source of income, which passes from hand to hand, interest free. Cole's quiet sincerity and good humor will serve him well in the years to come.

ROSEMAN, RENEE:

This charming Miss is taking her Final year at United after teaching one year. Her future interest is in Social work. We are sure that she'll make a great success in her chosen career.

SHARPE, HARRY:

Harry taught school prior to coming to United, and plans to return to the ranks of that honored profession after graduating. His home town of Virden must have some special attraction, for he spends some of his week-ends there. Perhaps there is a principalship in the offing for Harry; we certainly hope so.

SIGURDSON, ELEANOR:

The terror of the top floor at Sparling, "El" is a hard-working girl, but with time in her schedule for Tony's. Her activities this year included being Social chairman for the Coed Council and blonde Indian Princess for the residence stunt. Chief source of the witticisms of Sparling Hall. On looking at her academic standing, we see she has "Red" everything. Her plans for the future include Social work, Europe and "Cupcakes".

CAMERA SHY

BANZLUCH, CLARE:

A double French girl. Won the H. E. Sellars' Scholarship in Second year. Has taken part in faculty volleyball and basketball. Always has something interesting to tell Pat when she meets her in the Library. Clare plans on entering Social work next year.

LAWFORD, DOUGLAS:

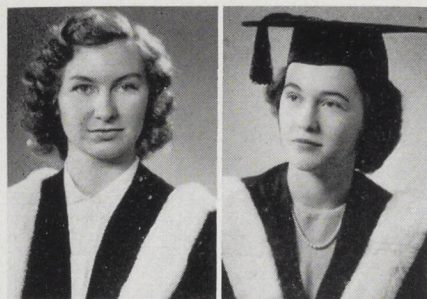
Philosopher par excellence, super-intellect, nonconformist, he has a complete knowledge of inconsequentialities. With no formal training he has acquired a unique ability to re-design his Cadillac to fit the contours of foreign objects. How he manages a double honours course and a full-time job is a mystery to all.

BOCK, WILLIAM:

Bill hails from Marquette, Man. He likes a good game of chess but devotes most of his time to more serious things; he takes a philosophical approach to his work. Bill was a public school teacher before coming to United, and intends to return to the noble profession. His plans also include matrimony, and our best wishes go with you in both fields, Bill.

PATTESON, GILBERT:

One of the few remaining veterans at United. Gil has one son in school and it is a toss-up who is going to finish first. Gil enjoys team sports and says his claim to fame is the fact that he scored the first goal in two years against the Medicine Soccer team while playing for United in '51. Gil will probably serve Queen and country in the R.C.O.C.

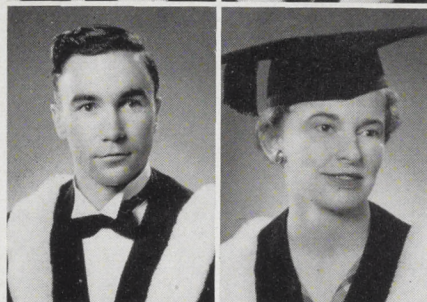


BARBARA PERMACK
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PEARL SAFEER
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

VERA SOPUCK
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

MARILYN TOWNSEND
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

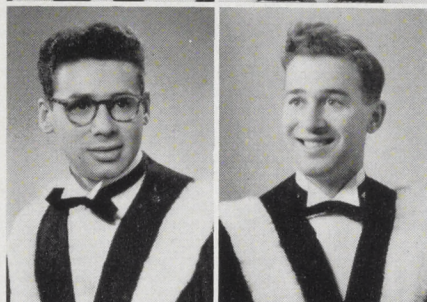


EGGERT PETERSON
PINE RIVER, MANITOBA

JANET SCOTT
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

JAMES SOUTH
THORNHILL, MANITOBA

(MRS.) IRENE GARDINER
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

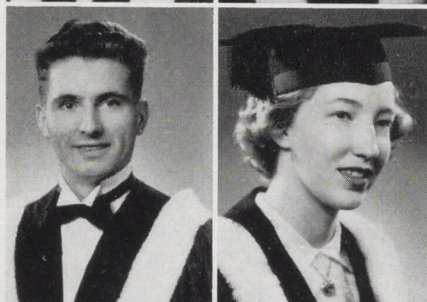


JAMES REDGWELL
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

ALFRED SELVER
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

MORLEY SPEIGLE
FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

RAYMOND TULLOCH
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

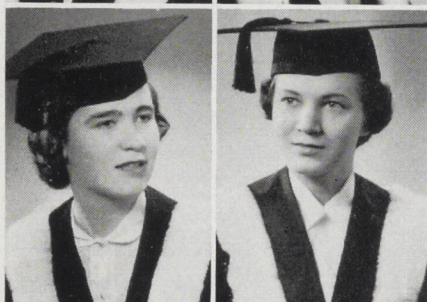


IRENE RIESEN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

COLIN SETTLE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

GLEN STEWART
GLADSTONE, MANITOBA

NAOMI WALTON
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

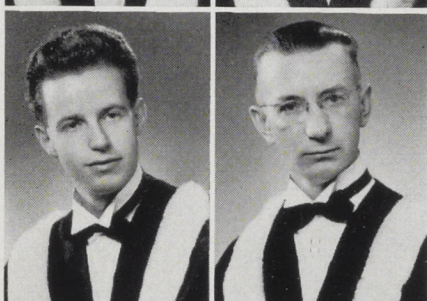


RENEE ROSEMAN
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

HARRY SHARPE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

REITA STITT
VISTA, MANITOBA

ESTHER WIEBE
MORDEN, MANITOBA

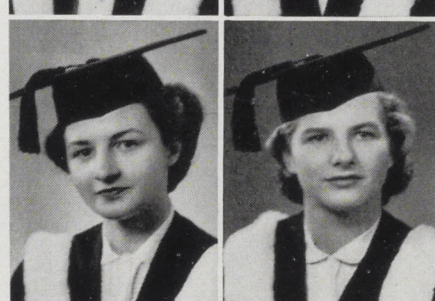
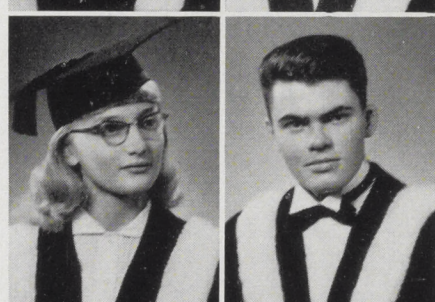
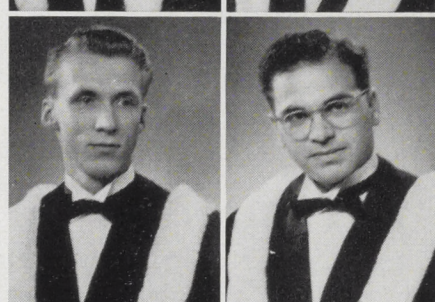
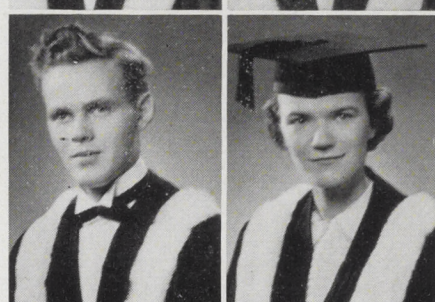
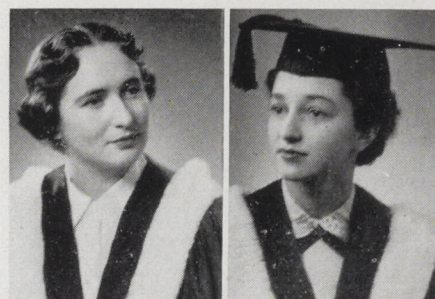


FELICIA RYBACK
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

ELEANOR SIGURDSON
RIVERTON, MANITOBA

CLARENCE SWAINSON
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PETER WIEBE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



THEOLOGY

RON JOHNSTONE

Born at Clearwater, attended High School at Crystal City, married at Transcona, served at Stella, Eriksdale and Shaughnessy, athletically active in Theology baseball and curling—these are some of the facts of the life of Ron. More important, especially in view of his chosen work, is Ron's character, expressed in his genuine unselfish concern for others, his willingness to go the second mile in helpfulness which has proved to be the big factor in creating and maintaining a spirit of Christian fellowship in the College.

JOHN KLASSEN, B.A.

Graduate in Arts from United College in 1951. John held the office of High Priest in Theology during the past year. He is noted for his drive, for his untiring efforts as Liaison Officer between the student body and the staff. With John's experience at Vermillion Bay, at Domain, and at Rathwell, he goes out well prepared to do the work to which he has been called. When John is ordained in June, the Church will be receiving a person of strong character who has dynamic preaching abilities.

JOHN LAKE

The saint from St. Marys, Ontario. Here's a man who showed discernment—gave up Toronto for the distinguished halls of United College. Since coming to the West, he has served at Hazelridge, Beresford and Melita. John, however, plans to return to the East for ordination and hopes to find the locale of his ministry in Northern Ontario. Homberg and sanguine bow ties are his passion and it may be that his prim appearance is meant to please more than just male theologues. We wish John the best and we know that wherever he goes his friends will not be few.

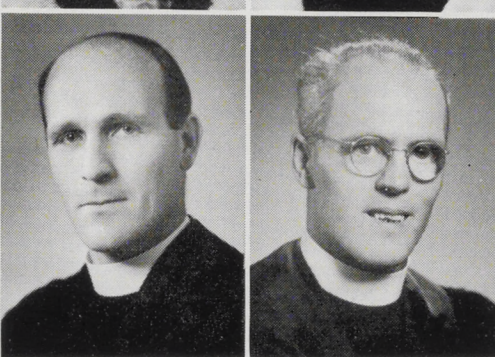
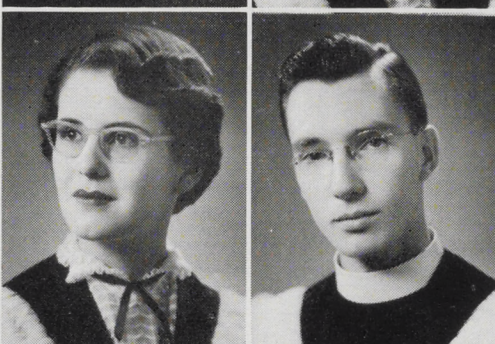
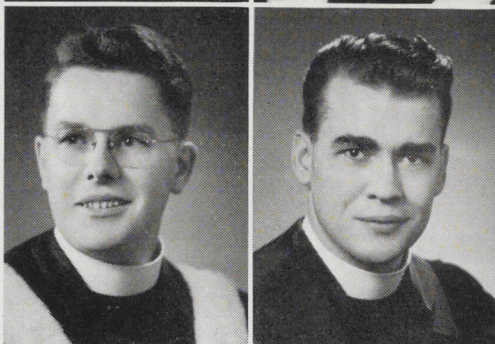
MARJORIE LAWSON, B.A.

Marj is a product of Grandview. Through three years of arts and three years of Theology she has graced the halls of United with her presence. Marj is a keen scholar, and this combined with her warm personality and concern for others has made her a welcome addition to her class and a real asset to Sparling Hall. Marj plans to be married in June and we wish her every happiness in the future. Wherever she is, the church will have an excellent worker.

NATHANIEL G. McINTOSH

A man of varied and rich experiences. Is a native of Dauphin, Manitoba, has graduated from the Penticostal College in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and been ordained by the Penticostal Assemblies of Canada and now completing Theology at United. He has spent three years in the teaching profession, two years in evangelistic work, two years at Radio Broadcasting and two years in Indian Mission work at Little Grand Rapids, Manitoba. And, in spite of all this, he has found time to get married and help raise a wonderful family of five. We look upon 'Mac' with awe, because, for the past three years, returning to his home and Pastoral Charge at Minnitonas, Manitoba each week-end, he travels 600 miles (enough miles to take him around the world twice).

We are indebted to "Mac" for his inspiring sermons in class preaching, his stimulating debates in class, and, mainly, for being the swell, all around person that he is.



GRADS, 1954

IAN MacMILLAN, B.A.

"Mac" hails from Vancouver where he was engaged in various types of work before coming east to take his theological training. While at United, he has made a notable contribution to student life. He was elected senior stick of the college for the year 1951-52. After graduation, Ian plans to return to British Columbia for ordination, following which he intends to take up pastoral work in Manitoba. His strong personality, deep faith, and sincerity will make him an effective minister wherever he is.

BOB McPHERSON

Bob is a Winnipeg boy who received his lower education in this city. He then attended the Brandon College where he served a mission charge outside of that city. In 1950, Bob registered in Theology at United College. He is perhaps better known for his rich baritone voice and his appreciation of good music, which will be a great asset to his ministry. Our sincere best wishes go with Bob for a long successful ministry.

LAURA MUIR, B.A.

The lone commuter of our class—between United College and Sanford where son Kenny awaits daily reports in school work. Born and educated in Saskatchewan—graduating from Saskatchewan University. Spent two years in Boston, Mass., where she found time to direct plays for the Amateur Theatre Guild of America while obtaining a B.L.I. degree, from College. Has taught in the Vocational Training School; served as field representative for the Prices Board during the war; and has lately served as Student Minister at Kelwood and Sanford, while following in the tradition of her father and late husband in dedicated service to the Church.

GARTH NELSON, B.A.

Garth is one of the "rare breed" in Theology; he is a bachelor. He hails from MacGregor and Winnipeg. During the past year Garth has served as vice high-priest of Theology. Throughout his years in College, Garth has been an ardent worker in the S.C.M. Besides all this, he has served the church very effectively at Whitemouth, Langruth, and Portage. When he is ordained in June, the Church will receive a person whose devotion and character will make his message real to his congregations.

IDRIS WYNNE

Wynne he is and win he will, for Ed has the drive, the ability, and the consecration essential to an effective ministry. Ed was a year old when his parents moved to Canada from South Wales; he was educated at Foxwarren public and high schools. Ed's activities have included professional hockey, dance orchestras and wide stage experience. He came into Theology in 1951. In addition to his college work, Ed is student minister at Clan William.

Taking Stock

Address to Graduating Class, February 19, 1954

By PROFESSOR J. H. REID

I WANT to assure the members of the graduating class that I am quite well acquainted with the rules and by-laws of the Society for the Preparation of Painless Graduation Banquet Speeches. I know, for example, that I am supposed to spend one-third of my allotted time in the telling of some funny stories, one-third in congratulations and the assurances of your great good fortune to be rolling off the academic assembly line at this particular moment, and the remaining third in urging you to be good citizens and intelligent voters in the years lying ahead.

Now, I do not propose to follow all the rules. The only funny stories I know I have been forbidden by my wife to repeat here. As for congratulations, I am not sure that they are really in order, for I am not sure that you really are fortunate in the times in which you were born, or the world in which you must live.

I am, however, going to follow the usual pattern in that I want to urge something upon you at this time, to insist that you have a duty which you owe to yourself and to others, and to plead with you to fulfil that duty. What I am going to ask you to do, for a few minutes here and now, as well as at periodic intervals for the rest of your life, is to take stock of yourself and your world. It can be done rather easily if you will simply ask yourself some questions, and then answer them with honesty.

You are supposed to have spent the past four years in fitting yourself to be a citizen of the world of the twentieth century. Now, what do you think of that world? Are you satisfied with it in its present state? Politically its most characteristic feature is the existence of what the political scientists call the "state system". Because of the decay of medieval institutions, such as the single church and the manorial and feudal system, Europe was left, by the end of the sixteenth century, stripped of the unity and order and law of the older world. Out of the religious wars at the beginning of the seventeenth century came the nation states, each insisting upon its national autonomy and its sovereign independence. By the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648

Europe set up for itself a new kind of order, then based upon the absence of any authority above the nation—an order which was really not order, but a sort of "international anarchy". Two things were obviously needed in the new Europe—a measure of security for the individual against the power of an arbitrary government over him, and a measure of security for the state against the danger of attack by a neighbour. What Europe had to find was a principle of authority which would stand above the individual states; all of our history since 1648 has been a futile search for that principle. Two methods have been suggested for establishing the necessary principle: the creation of a body of international law which would be binding upon all states, or the establishment of a supranational organization with power to check or discipline the individual states. Neither method has been utilized and neither one achieved as yet, although the League of Nations and the United Nations are interesting experiments. It would be easy to say, I think, that we are, perhaps, farther from the establishment of a world order now than we were in 1648, when the need for that order first became apparent²

Secondly, will you ask yourself what you think of your own state, your homeland Canada? Are you satisfied with it? Fifty years ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier is supposed to have prophesied for us a wonderful future in his famous sentence, "The twentieth century belongs to Canada". There is little doubt that what he was foreseeing was a period of Canadian history in which the new nation would eventually achieve complete statehood (complete independence from any external control) plus a great material prosperity. Now both these things have come to pass. Canada has become a nation—and a rich, strong nation at that—for the past fifty years have seen an astounding development of our resources. But it may be that we have achieved statehood at a moment in world history when national independence from all other nations is a myth; even if it were possible to be completely autonomous it would probably be very dangerous for a small power to assert that complete autonomy. And

our great material advance to the rank of a great manufacturing nation has come at a time when the real problem of world economy is not to produce more and more, but to manage more intelligently and more equitably the productive capacity already here.

An even more important question to ask yourself is this: "Am I satisfied with the society of which I am now to be a voting, effective part"? Round about you, particularly I think on our continent, you see evidences of spectacular and significant advances, both material and scientific. In terms of gadgets, devices, and business machines, of one set of electronic contrivances to create more leisure, and another set to prevent boredom in that leisure—in terms of these things, ours is a wonderful age! But it is likewise an age of false values, and we must be aware of their falsity. My experiences as an historian suggest that the central figure of world history in the era from 1500 to 1648 is "the man of God"—with, say, Martin Luther and Oliver Cromwell as the examples at each end. From 1648 until 1789 the central figure on the world stage is that of "the man of reason", and he takes the role of Isaac Newton, or Rene Descartes, or Voltaire. From 1789 to 1914 the central figure is that of "the man of action"; his face is that of Napoleon or of Bismarck. I asked the students in a freshman class one day not long ago to tell me who, in their opinion, is "the man" of our day and age. Regretfully, I think, we agreed that he is either a movie star, a business tycoon, or a quarterback!

Perhaps it is the absence of values, then, which explains something that must be obvious to any thinking person: that our society is one whose good qualities are all but obscured by its shallowness, its incredible vulgarity, and its savagery. Perhaps, most serious of all, it is a society which apparently has agreed to equate democracy with uniformity; which blindly accepts the logic of the argument that the lower the standards the more can meet them, and the more that meet them, the more democratic we are!

Most important of all the questions which you must ask, however, are the ones you must ask about yourself. Are you satisfied with your own equipment? If the "normal curve" appears again in the results in May (and be assured that if it does not appear we will adjust the curve),

most of you will be graduates, complete with the standard equipment of the pass B.A. (Honours degree optional on all models at extra cost!). Is it unfair to assume then that each of you has now acquired a body of knowledge about the serious aspects of human life, and each of you has had some practice in developing an intellectual capacity to use that knowledge in making judgments for yourself? In other words, each of you should be able at this moment to hold up for examination, for example, two such contrasting philosophies of politics as face one another today,—the philosophy of communism on the one hand, and the philosophy of the West on the other. You should be able to examine, to define, to analyze, to criticize, and then to make an intelligent choice. It is my own conviction that the political philosophy of communism would wither up and blow away tomorrow if everyone were capable of performing that task. Have you acquired that capability? Are you really an educated person?

Lastly, I think you should ask yourself very bluntly these questions: "Am I satisfied with myself? Have I made the most of the opportunities which have been mine? Have I used my capacities to the utmost? Are my intellectual muscles tired at the end of my college career—or are they just flabby"?

Now, only you can answer these questions for yourself. All that I can observe is this: that if you can answer "Yes, I am satisfied"! to any of the questions which I have posed, then I think it is fairly clear that we have failed to do our duty by you. More important still, you have failed to do your duty by yourself!

If your answer to these questions is "No" then all I can do is give you advice—and since this is my last chance at it, I cannot resist the temptation to offer it. If you are one of the fortunates who experience what the poet calls "that divine discontent with things as they are", then I urge you to kick and shove and yell and agitate for something better. Refuse to conform simply for the sake of "peace in the family". Question the usual, the fashionable—yes, even the majority, for that which is acceptable is often merely the mediocre, and that which is the usual is often only the performance of the slothful. Above all else, never, never lose your discontent!

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

GEORGE MILLARD

THIS evening is a memorable occasion in our lives, although not the greatest we will experience, for we have not accomplished so much in a short three or four years to feel eminently proud of the achievement. Yet tonight we have reached another milestone in our lives, even though it is not the one marked "Ph.D."

Our course together has been marked with triumphs, and though individuals might feel that a claim to fame is a personal triumph, it has ultimately depended on the classes as a whole. Such an attitude is mine tonight as I deliver the tribute to the Faculty and College on behalf of the graduating class. It is rather difficult to express accurately the feelings of my classmates to the College after only one year's acquaintance with them. Similarly, how can I say, personally, that the years spent at United have been an unforgettable experience when, unlike most of us, I have spent only one year here? All me to say that it has taken only this one year to sense the appreciation and gratitude of the class to the College, and to realize personally how much a B.A. obtained at United means to all the graduates.

Others of our class feel the same way. Those who have also come to United from Fort Garry, either this year or last, or who have come from sister colleges and universities. All of us together wish you, Dr. Graham and the whole Faculty, to accept our most sincere appreciation of the opportunities provided for us at the College. As we leave, not only do we bid farewell to those of the faculty who are remaining, but to any members who also are leaving. Last year the College bade farewell to Dr. Stanley and Dr. Maclure. This year we say farewell to Dr. Rose.

"Dr. Rose, we are deeply grateful for having so distinguished a scholar as yourself with us this year. This especially applies to those of us who were fortunate to receive lectures from you. We have all come to know you because of your approachableness, sincerity, humility, and true greatness, and so we send our deepest appreciation back with you to Vancouver."

At this time of parting our thoughts are shaped and colored by our apologies and regrets as much

as by our appreciations. We apologize for our failure really to grow and mature, instead of devoting ourselves to too many activities outside our studies. And then when opportunities came for leadership and "showing the way" (especially in the entertainment field) we have been too informal; replaced our timidity of second year for an over-confidence that allowed for many low-calibre performances. We regret that factors beyond our control added further limitations to our proper development. For today all students suffer from the inadequacy of mass education and its lowered standards. Thus in summer we are forced to earn money for our tuition rather than study our courses; in winter, we study our course as a means to an end rather than as a search for truth, and at the end of it all we are granted a degree by a multiversity rather than a university. A member of our faculty recently stated that a liberal arts course requires a four-year leave of absence by the student from society. Since this does not occur, the set-up of the modern university and the quality of its graduates are the results.

But before you despair of our woefully unperfect quality, Dr. Graham, maybe it will be some consolation for you to know that, despite our imperfection, we will not return to destroy the College—you have not nursed a viper in your bosom. Far from harboring any malicious evil intent, we are somewhat terrified at being "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky."

Graduation with a B.A. (cannot be classed a great occasion because the degree does) in many cases represents very little achieved. The great significance of this event, to me, is that it can serve to impress the individuals concerned just what a university education requires of the student. It is then to his advantage that he cannot stop with a B.A. but is forced to go on into Education, Law, Theology or Graduate Studies and in these studies make sure that he does not repeat his former mistakes.

But what can be done at the outset to enable each person to gain as much knowledge from the first three years of this course, in other words from his B.A., as from his last two or

three post-graduate years? Barring the limitations of the educational system and the economic structure of society, the problem can largely be solved if we pass on to those who follow us a *respect for learning*. We must teach them the folly of regarding a liberal arts course as something to be endured in the interest of seeking the security and prestige beyond the arts in educational and law. Nor can the contempt for mere learning be excused if it is neglected on the pretext that the student's true interest is in the noble humanitarian graduate courses of social work or theology.

At the close of this milestone in our lives, we have evaluated our progress and found it wanting, we have determined to be more steadfast in the coming years, and to warn others of the perils and temptations that impede progress up the path of knowledge. But sooner or later we, the graduates, will be turning our hands to the tasks of this world. The work we will be doing must be creative and, in our case, I do not think there is much danger of encountering Wordsworth's fear:

"Can the mind retain its creative powers if subjected to severe intellectual discipline?"

If we choose the concept of creativeness as the basis for our work, two burdens can be eliminated. The first is the drudgery of outward motivation (which can be replaced by an inner urge), and the second is the rigid adherence to dogma (replaceable by spontaneously followed ethics). But the process of effecting a change in our 20th century attitude to work will be difficult to achieve, for as Wordsworth said: "The world is too much with us." The sensitivity of our minds is lost in materialism and "little we

see in Nature that is ours". The sea is no more than an expanse of water exposed to the moon and the elements, and the wind a perpetual howling pestilence. Would it not be better to be as pagan as the ancient Greeks, who thought they saw in the swells of the ocean, Preteus rising? Or regarded the daily wind as Tritan blowing his "wreathed horn"? At least, it indicated they had a vivid life-sustaining imagination.

Never let us, however, worship the mind, but first seek to employ it, in its power to produce beautiful and wonderful creations. And secondly, come to the realization of Shelley that "until

the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the harvest of his happiness".

If we are able, then, to cultivate the proper mental attitude, our work upon graduation will be a day to day experiment in creativity, and Dorothy Sayers' explanation of the Christian understanding of work becomes a revelation rather than mere dogma:

1) Work is what man lives to do, not what he does to live; but this is today defeated by the profit motive which has reduced work to a process, the aim of which is to make money to do something else.

2) Secular work is sacred when performed to the utmost of one's ability. It is therefore not necessary to be doing specifically social or religious work. They would jeopardize the attempt to be most successful in the chosen occupation, for God can be served best in a profession, not outside it.

3) The work must be served. Time must not be taken out to see how the community is receiving it, or the worker will begin to think the community owes him more for it, or he will work, not to the best of his ability, but to suit the public demand.

Through this address, I have referred to ourselves in relation to the university studies and mentioned regrets arising from this relationship. Aspects for the future were discussed particularly as they concerned our resolutions regarding further study and our attitude toward service within our chosen professions. With those thoughts I would like to close and use a quotation from the present Director of the Ford Foundation of America, Dr. Hutchins, who said:

"The one certain occupation to which we are called is citizenship. The one certain destiny is manhood. We might remember the words of Rousseau: 'It matters little to me whether my pupil is intended for the army, the church or the law. Before his parents chose a calling for him, nature called him to be a man. When he leaves me, he will be neither magistrate, soldier nor priest. He will be a man'".

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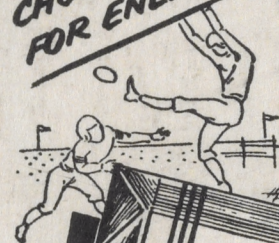
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